

THE
Second Part
OF
MERRY
DROLLERY,
OR,
A COLLECTION
Of Jovial Poems,
Merry Songs,
Witty Drolleries.
Intermix'd with Pleasant
CATCHES.

Collected by
W.N. C.B. R.S. F.G.
Lovers of Wit.

LONDON,
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Second Part

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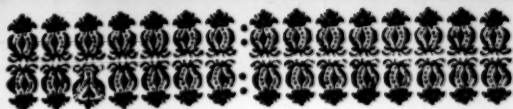
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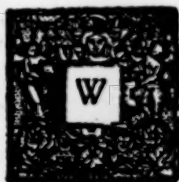
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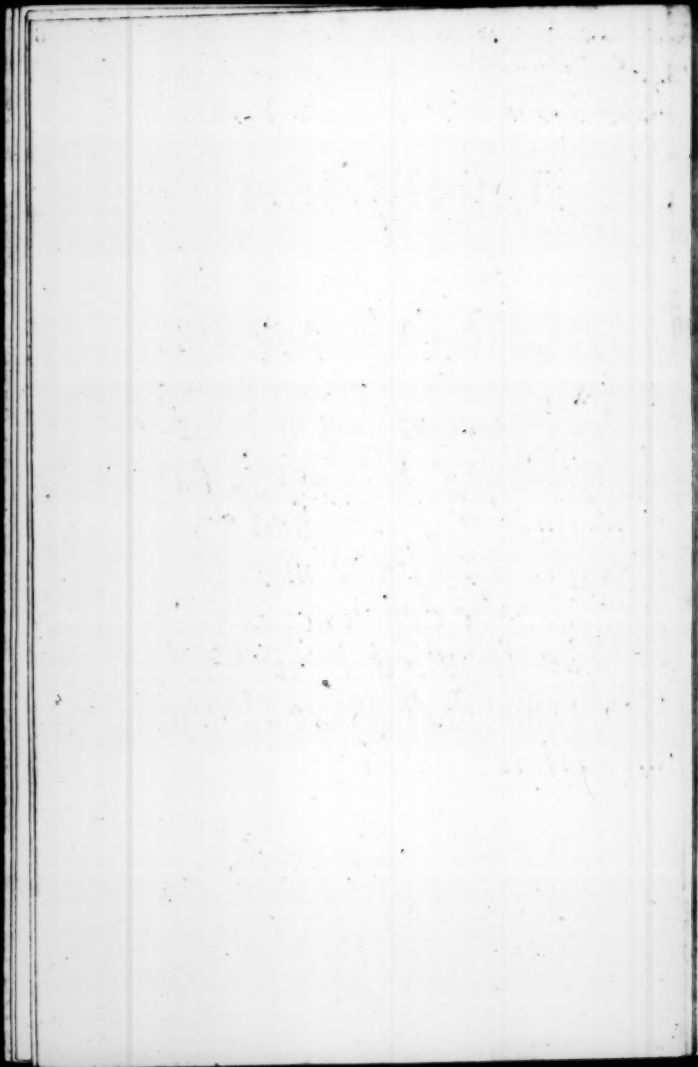
To the Reader.

Courteous Reader,



E do here present thee with the Second part of Merry Drollery, not doubting but it will find good Reception with the more Ingenious ; the deficiency of this shall be supplied in a third, when time shall serve : In the mean time

Farewel.





The Second Part of

Merry Drollery.

The indifferent Lover.

N O man Love's fiery Passions can approve;
As either yielding pleasure or promotion:
I like a mild and lukewarm zeal in love,
Although I do not like it in devotion,

For it hath no coherence with my Creed,
To think that Lovers mean as they pretend:
If all that said they died, had died indeed,
Sure long e e this the World had had an end.

Some one perhaps of long Consumption died,
And after falling into love might dye,
But I dare swear he never yet had died
Had he been half so sound at heart as I.

Another, rather than incur the slander
Of true Apostate, will false Martyr prove;
I'll neither *Orpheus* be, nor yet *Leander*,
I'll neither hang nor drown my self for love.

B

Yet

2 *The Second Part of*

Yet I have been a Lover by report,
And I have died for Love as others do,
Prais'd be Great *Jove* I died in such a sort,
As I revived within an hour or two.

Thus have I liv'd, thus have I lov'd till now,
And ne'r had reason to repent me yet,
And whosoever otherwise shall do,
His courage is as little as his wit.

Loves Torment.

VHen blind God *Cupid*, all in an angry mood,
And *Cythera*, the fairest Queen of Love,
Did leave *Sylvanus* pleasant shadowed woods,
And mounted up into the Heavens above,
Even then when *Sol*,
Even then when *Sol*
In water set his bed,
Did seek to hide,
Did seek to hide
His golden shining head.

Like *Philomel*, all in a doleful wise,
I pass the silent-coloured night in woe;
No rest nor sleep can seize upon my eyes,
Oh cruel beauty that did torment me so!
No one can tell,
No one can tell
How I in sorrows dwell,
Save only she,
Save only she
That hath like Passions felt.

The

Merry Drollerie.

3

The night is past all, and *Aurora* red
Begins to shew her ruby-coloured face,
Leaving old *Tytan* and his aged head,
The cloudy darkness from the skies to chase;

Ah my poor heart,
Ah my poor heart
In flames of fire doth fry;
I live in love,
I love and live,
I live, and yet I dye.

Each pretty little bird injoys his Mate,
And gently billing sits upon a Tree,
And on the verdant shadowed woods do prate,
Chirping their Notes with pleasant harmony;

I wish my Love,
I wish my Love
My pretty bird may be
To ease my grief,
To ease my grief,
And cure my malady.

The Rebell Red-coat.

Come Drawer, come fill us about more wine,
Let us merrily tipple, the day is our own,
We'll have our delights, let the country go pine;
Let the King and the Kingdom groan:
For the day is our own, and so shall continue,
Whilst Monarchy we baffle quite,
We'll spend all the Kingdoms Revenue,
And sacrifice all to delight:

4 *The Second Part of*

'Tis power that brings us all to be kings,
And we'll be all crown'd by our might.

A fig for Divinity, Lecture, and Law,
And all that to Royalty do pretend,
We will by our Swords keep the Kingdoms in aw,
And our power shall never have end :
The Church and the State we'll turn into liquor,
And spend a whole town in a day,
We'll melt all their Bodkins the quicker
Into Sack, and so drink them away,
We'll spend the demians o'th' Bishops and Deans,
And over the Presbyter sway.

The nimble *St. Patrick* is sunk in a bog,
And his Country-men sadly cry, *Oh hone, Oh hone,*
St. Andrew and's Kirk-men are lost in a fog,
And we are the Saints alone :
Thus on our superiours and equals we trample,
Whilst Jockey the stirrop shall hold,
The Citie's our Mule for example,
While we thus in plenty are roll'd,
Each delicate Dish shall but answer our wish,
And our drink shall be cordial Gold.

*Love lies a bleeding : In Imitation of Law
lies a bleeding.*

• **L**ay by your pleading,
Love lies a bleeding,
Burn all your Poetry, and throw away your reading.
Piety,

Merry Drollerie. 5

Piety is painted,
And Truth is tainted,
Love is a reprobate, and Schism now is fainted,
The Throne Love doth sit on,
We dayly do spit on,
It was not thus, I wis, when *Betty* rul'd in *Britain*.
But friendship hath faultred,
Loves Altars are altered, (red.
And he that is the cause, I would his neck were hal-

When Love did nourish
England did flourish
Till holy hate came in and made us all so currish.
Now every Widgeon
Talks of Religion,
And doth as little good as *Mahomet* and his Pidgeon.
Each Coxcombe is suiting
His words for confuting,
But heaven is sooner gain'd by suffering than by dis-
True friendship we smother, putting.
And strike at our Brother,
Apostles never went to God by killing one another.

Let Love but warm ye
Nothing can harm ye,
When Love is General, there's Angels in the Army.
Love keeps his quarters,
And fears no tortures,
The bravest fights are written in the Book of Mar-
Could we be so civill (tyrs.
As to do good for evil
It were the only happy way to o'come the devil.

The Flowers Love hath watred,
Sedition hath scattred, (of hatred.
We talk with tongues of holiness, but act with hearts

6 The Second Part of

He that doth know me,
• And love will shew me,
Hath found the nearest noble way to overcome me,
He that hath bound me,
And then doth wound me,
Wins not my heart, doth not conquer, but confound
In such a condition me.
Love is the physitian,
True Love and Reason makes the purest politician.
But strife and confusion,
Deceit and delusion,
Though it seem to thrive at first will make a sad con-
(clusion,

Love is a fewel,
A pretious Jewel,
Tis Love must stanch the blood when Fury fights
Love is a loadstone, (the duel.
Hate is a bloodstone,
Heaven is the North Point, and Love is the Load-
Though fury and scorn (stone.
Loves Temples have torn,
He'll keep his Covenant, and will not be forsworn.
His Laws do not border
On strife and disorder,
He scornes to get his wealth by perjury and murder.

What falshood drew in,
Grace never grew in,
Love will not raise himself upon anothers ruine,
He can present ye
With peace and plenty,
Love never advanceth one by throwing down of
(twenty.

Where

Merry Drollerie. 7

Where Love is in season,
There Truth is and Reason,
The foul of Love is never underlaid with Treason.
He never doth quarrel
For princely apparel,
Nor ever fixed a chair of state upon a barrel.

Love from the dull pit
Of Follies full pit
Never took an Anvil out, and put it in a pulpit.
Love is no sinker,
Truth is no flinker,
In mending breaches Love did never play the tinker.
Where Vengeance and Lust is,
No truth nor trust is,
As will appear at last in Gods High Court of Justice.
Pity and remorse is
The strength of Loves Forces,
Paul never converted men by stables fill'd with
(horses.

Mercy is fading,
Truth is degrading,
Love is the only cause of Plenty, Peace, and Trading.
Love is a fire
Made of desire,
Whose chief ambition is to heaven to aspire.
It stops the gradation
Of fury and passion,
It governs all good Families, and best can guide a
The Low Land, the High Land, (Nation.
And my Land, and thy Land,
Grew all in common straight when Love had left this
(Island.

8 *The Second Part of*

Where peace is panting,
 And rage is ranting,
 'Tis an undoubted sign the King of Love is wanting.
 Father and Mother,
 Sister and Brother,
 If Love be lacking, quickly mischief one another.
 Where wrath is, the rod is
 That ruins our bodies ;
 With hate the devil is, but where Love is God is.
 Then let us not doubt it,
 But streight go about it,
 To bring in Love again, we cannot live without it.

Then let the Graces
 Crown our embraces,
 And let us settle all things in their proper places,
 Left persecution
 Cause dissolution
 Let all purloyned wealth be made a restitution,
 For though now it tickles,
 'Twill turn all to prickles,
 Then let's live in peace, and turn our Swords to
 When *Noah's Dove* was sent out, (fickles ;
 Then Gods Pardon went out, (it.
 They that would have it so, I hope, will say Amen to

A Catch.

B Ring forth your Cunny skins, fair maids, come,
 And hold them fair that I may see
 Gray, Black, and Blew ; for your smaller skins
 I'll give you Glasses, Laces, Pins ;
 And for your whole Cunny
 I'll give you ready money.

Come,

Merry Drollerie: 9

Come, gentle *Jane*, do thou begin
With thy black, black, black Cunny skin,
And *Mary* then, and *Kate* will follow
With their silver'd-hair'd skins, and their yellow;
Your white Cunny-skin I will not lay by,
Though it be fat, it is fair to the Eye.

Your gray it is warm, but for my money
Give me the bonny, bonny black Coney;
Come away, fair maids, your skins will decay,
Come and take money, Maids, put your ware away;
I have fine Bracelets, Rings,
And I have silver Pins;
Coney skins, Coney skins,
Maids, have you any Coney skins.

A Catch of the Beggars.

From hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who lives a merrier life than we;
Our bellies are full, and our backs are warm,
And against all Pride our Rags are a Charm;
Enough is a feast, and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.

The City, and Town, and every Village
Afford us an Alms, or a Pillage;
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble in straw:
If fair and warm, in yea-Cock and nay-Cock
The Fields afford us a hedge or a hey-Cock.

The

10 *The Second Part of*

The Time-server.

Room for a Gamester that plaies at all he sees,
Whose fickle fancy fits such times as these,
One that saies *Amen* to ev'ry factious prayer,
From *Hugh Peters* Pulpit to *St. Peters* Chair,
One that doth defie the Crozier and the Crown,
But yet can bouze with Blades that carrouze
Whilst Pottle-pots tumble down, dery down;
One that can comply with Surplice and with Cloak,
Yet for his end can Independ,
Whilst Presbyterian broke *Britains* yoke.

This is the way to trample without trembling,
'Tis the Sycophant's only secure,
Covenants and *Oaths* are badges of dissembling,
'Tis the politick pulls down the pure:
To profess and betray, to plunder and pray,
Is the only ready way to be great,
Flattery doth the feat:
Ne'r go, ne'r stir, will venter further
Than the greatest *Dons* in the Town,
From a Copper to a Crown.

I am in a temp'rate humour now to think well,
Now I'll in another for to drink well,
Then fills up a Beer-bout boys, that we
May drink it merrily,
No knavish Spy shall understand,
For if it should be known,
'Tis ten to one we shall be trappan'd.

Merry Drollerie. 11

I'll drink to thee a brace of quarts,
Whose Anagram is call'd *True Hearts*,
If all were well as I would ha't,
And *Britain* cur'd of its tumor,
I should very well like my Fate,
And drink my Sack at a cheaper rate,
Without any new or rumour,
Oh then I should fix my humour.

But since 'tis no such matter, change your hue,
I may cog and flatter, so may you:
Religion is a widgeon, and Reason is Treason,
And he that hath a Loyal heart may bid the world
(adieu.

We must be like the Scottish man,
Who with intent to beat down Schism,
Brought in the Presbyterian,
With Cannon, and with Catechism:
If Beuk won't do't, then *Fockey* shoot,
For the *Kirk* of *Scotland* doth command,
And what hath been, since they came in,
I think w'have cause to understand.

A Song.

Gather your Rose-buds while you may,
Old time is still a flying,
For that Flower that smells to day,
To morrow will be dying.

That Age is best, which if the force
While youth and blood are warmer,
But being the grows worse and worse,
And still succeeds the former.

The

12 *The Second Part of*

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be Run,
And nearer to his setting.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while you may, go marry,
For if you lose but once your prime
You may for ever tarry.

The Gelding of the Devil.

A Story strange I will you tell
Of the gelding of the Devil of hell,
And of the Baker of *Mansfield* Town,
That sold his bread both white and brown;
To *Nottingham* Market he was bound,
And riding under the Willows clear
The Baker sung with a merry chear.

The Bakers horse was lusty and sound,
And worth in judgement full five pound;
His skin was smooth, and his flesh was fat,
His Master was well pleas'd with that,
Which made him sing so merry, merrily
As he was passing on the way.

But as he rode over the hill
There met him two devils of hell:
O Baker, Baker, then cry'd he,
How comes thy horse so fat to be?
These be the words the Baker did say,
Because his stones are cut away.

Then

Merry Drollerie. 13

Then, quoth the devil, if it be so,
Thou shalt geld me before thou dost go :
First tye thy horse to yonder tree,
And with thy knife come and geld me ;
The Baker he had a knife for the nonce,
Wherewith to cut out the devils stones.

The Baker, as it came to pass,
In hast alighted from his horse,
And the devil on his back he lay,
While the Baker cut his stones away,
Which put the devill to great pain,
And made him to cry out amain.

O, quoth the devil, beshrew thy heart,
Thou dost not feel how I do smart,
And for the deed that thou hast done
I will revenged be agen,
And underneath this green-wood tree
Next Market day I will geld thee.

The Baker then but a little said,
But at his heart he was sore afraid ;
He durst no longer then to stay,
But he rode hence another way :
And coming to his Wife, did tell
How he had gelt the devill of hell.

Moreover to his Wife he told
A tale that made her heart full cold,
How that the devil to him did say,
That he would geld him next Market day :
O, quoth the good wife, without doubt
I had rather both thy eyes were out.

For

14 *The Second Part of*

For then all the people far and near,
That know thee, will but mock and jeer,
And good-wives they will scold and brawl,
And stoneless Gelding will thee call;
Then hold content, and be thou wise,
And I'll some pretty trick devise.

I'll make the devil change his nore,
Give me thy Hat, thy Band, and Coat,
Thy Hose and Doublet eke also,
And I like to a man will go;
I'll warrant thee next Market day
To fright the devil clean away.

When the Bakers Wife she was so drest,
With all her bread upon her beast,
To *Nottingham* Market, that brave Town,
To sell her bread, both White and Brown,
And riding merrily over the hill,
O there she spy'd the two devils of hell.

A little devill, and another,
As they were playing both together;
Oh ho, quoth the devill, right fain,
Here comes the Baker riding amain:
Now be thou well, or be thou woe,
I will geld thee before thou dost go.

The Bakers wife to the devil did say,
Sir, I was gelded yesterday:
O, quoth the devil, I mean to see;
And pulling her coats above her knee,
And so looking upward from the ground,
O there he spy'd a terrible wound.

Merry Drollerie. 15

O, quoth the devil, now I see
That he was not cunning that gelded thee,
For when that he had cut out the stones,
He should have closed up the wounds,
But if thou wilt stay but a little space
I'll fetch some salve to cure the place.

He had not ran but a little way,
But up her belly crept a Flea:
The little devill seeing that,
He up with his paw and gave her a pat,
Which made the good wife for to start,
And with that she let go a rowling fart.

O, quoth the devill, thy life is not long
Thy breath it smells so horrible strong,
Therefore go thy way, and make thy will,
Thy wounds are past all humane skill;
Be gone, be gone, make no delay,
For here thou shalt no longer stay.

The good wife with this news was glad,
But she left the devil almost mad;
And when she to her husband came,
With a joyful heart she told the same,
How she had couzened the devil of hell,
Which pleas'd her Husband wondrous well.



16 The Second Part of

The Vagabond.

I Am a Rogue, and a stout one,
A most couragious *drinker* :
I do excell, its known full well,
The Ratter, *Tom*, or *Tinker* :
Then do I cry, Good your Worship
Bestow some small Denier a,
And bravely then at the bouzing Ken
I'll bouze it all in beer a.

My dainty Dames and Doxes,
When that they see lacking,
Without delay, poor wretches, they
Will send the Duds a packing :
Then do I cry, &c.

Ten miles unto a Market
I go to meet a Miser,
And in the throng I'll nip a bung,
And the party ne'r the wiser :
Then do I cry, &c.

If the Gentry be coming,
Then streight it is my fashion,
My leg I'll tye close to my thigh
To move them to compassion :
Then do I cry, &c.

When I hear a Coach come rumbling,
To my Crutches streight I hye me,

Merry Drollerie. 17

For being lame, it is a shame
Such Gallants should deny me;
Then do I cry, &c.

My *Peg* in a string doth lead me
When I go into the Town, Sir,
For to the blind all men are kind,
And will their alms bestow, Sir;
Then do I cry, &c.

I th' winter time stark naked
I go into some City,
And every man, that spare them can,
Will give me cloaths for pity;
Then do I cry, &c.

My doublet sleeves hang empty,
And for to beg the bolder
For meat and drink my arm I'll shrink
Up close unto my shoulder,
Then do I cry, &c.

If any gives me lodging
A courteous knave they find me,
For in my bed, alive, or dead,
I leave some Lice behind me;
Then do I cry, &c.

If from out the Low Countries
I hear a Captains name, Sir,
Then straight I'll swear I have been there;
And so in fight came lame, Sir;
Then do I cry, &c.

18 *The Second Part of*

In *Pauls* Church-yard by a Pillar
Sometimes you see me stand, Sir,
With a writ that shews what cares, what woes
I have past by Sea and Land, Sir ;
Then do I cry, &c.

Come buy, come buy a horn-book
Who buys my Pins and Needles :
Such things do I in the City cry
Of times to scape the Beadles ;
Then do I cry, &c.

Then blame me not for begging,
And boasting all alone, Sir,
My self I will be praising still.
For Neighbours I have none, Sir ;
Then do I cry, &c.

The Fovial Loyallist.

Stay, shut the Gate,
T'other quart, 'faith 'tis not so late
As your thinking,
The stars which you see in the Hemisphere be,
Are but studs in our cheeks by good drinking;
The Suns gone to tipple all night in the Sea, boys
To morrow he'll blush that he's paler than we boys,
Drink wine, give him water, 'tis Sack makes us the
(boys:

Fill up the Glass,
To the next merry Lad let it piss,
Come away with't :

Let's

Merry Drollerie. 19

Let's set foot to foot, and but give our minds to't,
'Tis heretical Six that doth slay wit:
Then hang up good faces, let's drink till our noses
Gives freedom to speak what our fancy disposes,
Beneath whose protection, now under the rose is.

Drink off your Bowl,
'Twill enrich both your head and your soul
With Canary;
For a carbuncle'd face saves a tedious race,
And the *Indies* about us we carry:
No *Helicon* like to the juyce of good wine is,
For *Phebus* had never had wit that divine is,
Had his face not been bow-dy'd as thine is, and mine
(is.

This must go round,
Off with your hats till the pavement be crown'd
With your Bevers,
A Red-coated face frights a Sergeant and his Mace,
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers,
In state march our faces like some of the *quorum*,
While the whores do fall down, and the vulgar adore
'um,
And our noses like Link-boys run shining before 'um.

The Answer.

HOld, quaff no more,
But restore;
If you can, what you've lost by your drinking,
Three Kingdoms and Crowns,
With their Cities and Towns,
While the King and his Progeny is sinking;
The studs in your cheeks have obscured his Star, boys,
Your

20 *The Second Part of*

Your drink and miscarriages in the late war, boys,
Hath brought his Prerogative thus to the Bar, boys.

Throw down the Glafs,
He's an Afs
That extracts all his worth from Canary :
That valour will shrink,
Which is only good in drink,
'Twas the Cup made the Camp to miscarry.
Ye thought in the world there was no power could
tame ye,
Ye tipled and whor'd till the Foe overcame ye,
Cuds-nigs and ne'r-stir Sir, hath vanquisht God-
dam-me.

Fly from the coast,
Or y'are lost,
And the water will run where the drink went,
From hence you must flink,
If you swear and have no chink,
'Tis the Curse of a Royal Delinquent.
Ye love to see Beer-bowls turn'd over the thumb
well,
Ye love three fair Gamesters, four Dice, and a Drum
well,
But you'd as lieve see the devil as *Oliver Cromwel*.

Drink not the round,
You'll be drown'd
In the source of your Sack and your Sonnet ;
Try once more your Fate
For the Kirk against the State,
And go barter your Bevers for Bonnets :
I see how you'r charm'd by your female enchanters,
And

Merry Drollerie. 21

And therefore pack hence to *Virginia* for planters,
For an Act, and two Red-coats will rout all the Ran-
cers.

The force of Opportunity.

YOU gods that rule upon the Plains,
Where nothing but delight remains ;
You Nymphs that haunt the Fairy Bowers,
Exceeding *Flora* with her flowers ;
The fairest woman that earth can have
Sometimes forbidden fruit will crave,
For any woman, whatsoe'r she be,
Will yield to Opportunity.

Your Courtly Ladies that attends,
May sometimes dally with their friends ;
And she that marries with a Knight
May let his Lodging for a night ;
And she that's only Worshipful
Perhaps another friend may gull :
For any woman, &c.

The Chamber-maid that's newly married
Perhaps another man hath carried ;
Your City Wives will not be alone,
Although their husbands be from home ;
The fairest maid in all the town
For green will change a russet Gown ;
For any woman, &c.

And she that loves a Zealous brother,
May change her Pulpit for another ;

22 *The Second Part of*

Physitians study for their skill,
Whiles wives their Urinals do fill;
The Lawyers wife may take her pride
Whilst he their Causes doth decide;
For every woman, &c.

The Country maid, that milks the Cow,
And takes great pains to work and do,
I'ch' fields may meet her friend or brother,
And save her foul to get another;
And she that to the Markets gone
May horn her man ere she come home;
For any woman, &c.

You Goddesses and Nymphs so bright,
The greater Star, the lesser light;
To Lords, as well as mean estates,
Belongeth husbands horned baits,
Then give your Ladies leave to prove
The things the which your selves do love;
For any woman, what ere she be,
Will yield to Opportunity.

Lusty Tobacco.

YOU that in love do mean to sport,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
First take a Wench of a meiner sort,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
But let her have a comely grace,
Like one that came from *Venus* race,
Then take occasion, time, and place
To give her some Tobacco.

You

Merry Drollerie. 23

You — gamesters must be bound,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Their bullets must be plump and round,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Your stopper must be stiff and strong,
Your Pipe it must be large and long,
Or else she'll say you do her wrong,
She'll scorn your weak Tobacco.

And if that you do please her well,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
All others then she will expell,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
She will be ready at your call
To take Tobacco, Pipe and all,
So willing she will be to fall
To take your strong Tobacco.

And when you have her favour won,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
You must hold out as you begun,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Or else she'll quickly change her mind,
And seek some other Friend to find,
That better may content her mind
In giving her Tobacco.

And if you do not do her right,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
She'll take a course to burn your Pipe,
Tobacco, Tobacco.

And if you ask what she doth mean,
She'll say she doth't to make it clean,
Then take you heed of such a Quean
For spoyling your Tobacco.

24 *The Second Part of*

As I my self dare boldly speak,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
Which makes my very heart to break,
Tobacco, Tobacco,
For she that I take for my friend,
Hath my Tobacco quite consum'd,
She hath spoyl'd my Pipe, and there's an end
Of all my good Tobacco.

Good Advice against Treason.

BUT since it was lately enacted high Treason
For a man to speak truth against the head of a
State,

Let every wise man make use of his reason,
To think what he will, but take heed what he prate,

For the Proverb doth learn us,
He that staies from the battel sleeps in a whole
skin,
And our words are our own, if we keep them within,
What fools are we then that to prattle do begin,
Of things that do not concern us.

'Tis no matter to me who e'r gets the battel,
The Tubs or the Crosses, 'tis all one to me,
It neither increaseth my goods nor my cattel,
A beggar's a beggar, and so he shall be,
Unless he turn Traytor,
Let Misers take courses to hoard up their treasure,
Whose bounds have no limits, whose minds have
no measure,
Let me be but quiet, and take a little pleasure,
A little contents my own nature.

But

Merry Drollerie. 25

But what if the Kingdom returns to one of the
Prime ones?

My mind is a Kingdom, and so it shall be,
I'll make it appear, if I had but the time once,
He's as happy in one, as they are in three,
If he might but enjoy it:

He that's mounted aloft, is a mark for the Fate,
And an envy to every pragmatistical pate,
Whilst he that is low is safe in his estate,
And the great ones do scorn to annoy him.

I count him no wit that is gifted in rayling,
And flurting at those that above him do sit,
Whilst they do out-wit him with whipping and goa-
ling,

His purse and his person must pay for his wit:

But it is better to be drinking,

If Sack were reform'd to twelve pence a quart,
I'd study for money to Merchandize for't,
With a friend that is willing in mirth we would
sport,
Not a word; but we'd pay it with thinking.

My Petition shall be that Canary be cheaper,
Without either Custom, or cursed Excize,
That the Wits may have freedom to drink deeper
and deeper,
And not be undone whilst our Noses we baptize,
But we'll liquor them, and drench them;
If this were but granted, who would not desire
To dub himself one of *Apollo's* acquire?
And then we will drink whilst our Noses are on fire,
And the quart-pots shall be Buckets to quench
them.

The

26 *The Second Part of*

The feasting of the Devil by Ben Johnson.

Cook-Laurel, would needs have the devil his guest,
And bad him once into the *Peake* to dinner;
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a sinner.

His Stomack was queasie (for comming there coacht)
The jogging had caused some crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat;
Promooter in plum-broath was the first dish;
His own privy Kitchin had no such meat.

Yet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his trencher;
As soon as he spide the bawd, and bacon,
By this you may note the devil's a wench.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his paller,
With feather-men, and perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand sallet.

A rich fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyers head and Green-sawce;
Both which his belly took in like a barrow,
As if till then he had never seen sawce.

Then

Merry Drollerie. 27

Then carbinadoed, and cookt with pains,
Was brought up a cloven Serjeants Face ;
The sawce was made of the Yeomans brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the board,
(The Feast had nothing been without 'um,)
Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Fur'd ;
Their chains like Sawfages hung about 'um.

The very next dish was the Mayor of a town,
With a pudding of maintenance thrust in his belly;
Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
And his couple of Hinch-boys boyld to a jelly.

A *London* Cuckold hot from the spit,
And when the Carver up had broke him,
The devil chopt up his head at a bit,
But the horns were very near like to have choakt
(him.

The chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
With a plump Harlots haunch and Garlick ;
A Panders pettitoes that had boasted
Himself for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Mid-wife hor,
And for a cold bak't meat into the story,
A reverend painted Lady was brought,
And coffin'd in crust, till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-grown-Justice of peace
With a Clark like a gizard thrust under each arm,
And warrants for sippets, laid in his own grease,
Set over a chafing-dish to be kept warm.

The

28 *The Second Part of*

The Jowle of a Jaylor, served for Fish,
A Constable fous'd with Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a dish,
A Deputy tart, a Church-warden pye.

All which devoured, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where banquet and wine were nothing scarce ;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the devils arse.

And there he made such a breach with the wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the sent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfum'd most part of the Isle.

And this was *Tobacco*, the Learned suppose,
'Which since in Country, Court, and Town, '
In the devils Glister-pipe smoakes at the Nose
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant, and Clown.

From which wicked weed, with swines-flesh & Ling,
Or any thing else that's Feast for the Fiend,
Our Captains and we cry God save the King,
And send him good meat, and Mirth without end.

Merry Drollerie. 29

On the Goldsmiths-Committee.

Come Drawer, some wine,
Or we'll pull down the Sign,
For we are all jovial Compounders :
We'll make the house ring,
With healths to our KING,
And confusion light on his Confounders.

Since Goldsmiths Committee
Affords us no pity,
Our sorrows in wine we will steep 'um,
They force us to take
Two Oaths, but we'll make
A third, that we ne'r mean to keep 'um.

And next, who e'r sees,
We drink on our knees,
To the King, may he thirst that repines.
A fig for those traitors
That look to our waters,
They have nothing to do with our wines.

And next here's a Cup
To the Queen, fill it up,
Were it poyson, we would make an end on't :
May *Charles* and She meet,
And tread under feet
Both Presbyter and Independent.

To the Prince, and all others,
His Sisters and Brothers,
As low in condition as high born,

We'll

30 *The Second Part of*

We'll drink this, and pray,
That shortly they may
See all them that wrongs them at *Tyburn*.

And next here's three bowls
To all gallant souls;
That for the King did, and will venter;
May they flourish when those
That are his, and their foes
Are hang'd and ram'd down to the Center.

And next let a Glass
To our undoers pass,
Attended with two or three curses :
May plagues sent from hell
Stuff their bodies as well,
As the Cavaliers Coyne doth their purses.

May the *Cannibals* of *Pym*
Eat them up limb by limb,
Or a hot Fever scorch 'um to embers,
Pox keep 'um in bed
Untill they are dead,
And repent for the loss of their Members.

And may they be found
In all to abound,
Both with heaven and the countries anger,
May they never want Fractions,
Doubts, Fears, and Distractions,
Till the Gallow-tree choaks them from danger.

Insati-

Insatiate Desire.

O That I could by any Chymick Art
To sperme, convert my spirit and my heart,
That at one thrust I might my soul translate,
And in her womb my self degenerate,
There steep'd in lust nine months I would remain,
Then boldly — my passage back again.

The Virtue of Wine.

L Et Souldiers fight for praise, and pay,
And Money bid the Misers wish;
Poor Schollars study all the day,
And gluttons glory in their dish;
'Tis Wine, 'tis Wine revives sad souls,
Therefore give me the chearing bowls.

Let Minions marshal every hair,
And in a Lovers lock delight,
And artificial colours wear,
We have the native red and white;
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Take Pheasant, Puer, and Culvered Salmon,
And how to please your Pallats think:
Give us a salt Westphalia gammon,
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink;
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some

32 *The Second Part of*

Some hath the Ptytick, some the Rheume,
Some hath the Palsie, some the Gout;
Some swelleth fat, and some consume,
But they are sound that drink all out;
'Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

Some men want Wit, and some want Wealth;
Some want a Wife, and some a Punke;
Some men want Food, and some want Health,
But he wants nothing that is drunk;
Tis wine, pure wine, &c.

It makes the backward spirits brave,
Them lively, that before were dull;
Those grow good Fellows that are grave,
And kindness springs from Cups brim-full;
'Tis wine, 'tis wine revives sad soules,
Therefore give me the charming bowles.

The Horn exalted.

Listen Lordings to my Story,
I will sing of Cuckolds glory,
And thereat let none be vext,
None dorth know whose turn is next;
And seeing it is in most mens scorn,
'Tis Charity to advance the *Horn*.

Diana was a Virgin pure,
Amongst the rest chaste and demure;
Yet you know well, I am sure,
What *Alteon* did endure,

Merry Drollerie. 33

If men have *Horns* for as she,
I pray thee tell me what are we?

Let thy friend enjoy his rest,
What though he wear *Atreus*' crest?
Malice nor Venome at him spit,
He wears but what the gods think fit;
Confess he is by times Recorder
Knight of great *Diana*'s Order.

Luna was no venial sinner,
Yet she hath a man within her,
And to cut off Cuckolds scorns,
She decks her head with Silver horns;
And if the moon in heavens thus drest,
The men on earth like it are blest.

A Droll of a Louse.

Discoveries of late have been made by adventure;
And many a pate hath been set on the tenters
To tell many a thing more than true is,
How Whales have been served to Saylors in Brewis:
But here a poor Louse by this present defies
The Catalogue of Old *Mandevils* lies,
And take my report for a certain.

My father & mother, when first they joyn'd paunches,
Begot me between an Old Pedlers haunches;
When bred to a Creeper, I know now how poxie
By chance got a suck of the bloud of his Doxie,

D

Where

34 *The Second Part of*

Where finding the sweetness of my new Pastour,
I left the loyns of my pockified Master,
And thus I grew into a fortune.

A Lord in this Land, that loved a bum well,
By chance came to wap with his Mort in the stumell,
I clung me close to him : n I left my Rampallion,
And scorn'd to converse with a Tatterdemallion,
But thought, by Sir *Giles*, to procure a portion
For my heirs to inherit clean linnen and Satten,
But the Parliament crost my intention.

This Gallant, God blefs him, delighted in Tennis,
His sweat made me fat till he travelled to *Venice*,
Wherewith a *Madona* in single duella
He left me behind him within the *Bordella*,
Where lecherous passages I did discover
Between *Bonareboe* and *Diego*, her Lover,
Beyond wonder to hear the report on't.

The trick with the Dildo was us'd out of measure,
Behind and before they had it at pleasure ;
All *Arretines* tricks were practised by labour,
Yet Cunicks they hate like *Beiblehem Gabor*,
Esteeming the English man for a Stallion,
And leaving the Goat unto the Italian,
All this I report for a certain.

One thing in the stews I commend, I pray hear it,
If a clap you do get you need never fear it,
For she, that is troubled come *Gallen Comorboe*,
Shall never touch upon your *Lute* nor *Theorboe* ;
Yet many a brave Lord, that never wrought Treason,
Have there lost their heads, I know not the reason,
All this I report for a certain.

Thus

Merry Drollerie. 35

Thus living in wonder, escaping the Tallent
Of *Citizen, Clown, Whore, Lawyer, and Gallant,*
At last came a Soldier, I bravely did firk him,
Unto the skirts of his robustious Buff Jerkin,
There liv'd I a while without any harm, I
Was burnt before *Bergen* in *Spinola's Army;*
All this I report of a certain.

The Brewers praise.

Here's many a blinking verse was made
In honour of the Blacksmiths trade,
But more of the Brewers may be said,
Which no body can deny.

I need not else but this repeat,
The Blacksmith cannot be compleat,
Unless the Brewer do give him a hear,
Which no body, &c.

When Smug unto his Forge doth come,
Unless the Brewer do liquor him home,
Could ne'r strike my pot and thy pot *Tom,*
Which no body, &c.

Of all the Professions in the Town,
This Brewers trade did gain renown,
His liquor once reacht up to the Crown,
Which no body, &c.

Much bloud from him did spring,
Of all the trades this was the King,
The Brewer had got the world in a ring,
Which no body,

36 *The Second Part of*

Though Honour be a Princes daughter,
The Brewer will woe her in bloud and slaughter,
And win her, or else it shall cost him hot water,
Which no body, &c.

He fear'd no powder, nor martial stops,
But whipt Armies as round as tops,
And cut off his foes as thick as hops,
Which no body, &c.

He div'd for Riches down to the bottom,
And cri'd, my Masters, when he had got 'um,
Let every Tub stand upon his own bottom,
Which no body, &c.

In war like Arts he scorn'd to stoop,
For when his party began to droop,
He'd bring them all up as round as a hoop,
Which no body, &c.

The Jewish Scots who fear to eat
The flesh of Swine, our Brewers bear,
'Twas the sight of their hogshheads made them to re-
Which no body, &c. (treat

Poor *Jockey* and his *Basket-hilt*
Was beaten, and much bloud was spilt,
When their bodies, like barrels, did run a tilt,
Which no body, &c.

Though *Jemmy* did give the first assault,
The Brewer he made them at length to halt,
And gave them what the Cat left in the mault,
Which no body &c.

They

Merry Drollerie. 37

They did not only bang the Kirk,
But in *Ireland* too they did as much work,
'Twas the Brewer made them surrender *Cork*,
Which no body, &c.

This was a stout Brewer, of whom we may brag,
But since he was hurried away with a hag,
We have brew'd in a bottle, and bak'd in a bag,
Which no body, &c.

They said that Antichrist came to settle
Religion within a Cooler and a Kettle,
His Nose and his Copper were both of a mettle,
Which no body, &c.

He had a strong, and a very stout heart,
And look'd to be made an Emperour for't,
But the Devil did set a spoke in his Cart,
Which no body, &c.

The Christian Kings began to quake,
And said, with that Brewer no quarrels we'll make,
We'll let him alone, as he brews let him bake,
Which no body, &c.

But yet by the way you must needs understand.
He kept all his Passions so under command,
Pride never could get the upper-hand,
Which no body, &c.

And now may all stout souldiers say,
Farewell the glory of the Dray,
For the Brewer himself is turned to Clay,
Which no body, &c.

38 *The Second Part of*

Thus fell a brave Brewer the bold son of slaughter,
Who need not to fear much what should follow after,
That dealt all his life-time in fire and water,
Which no body, &c.

And if his Successor had had but his might,
We all had not been in that pitiful plight,
But alas, he was found many grains too light,
Which no body, &c.

Though Wine be a Juice sweet, pleasant, and pure,
This trade doth such pleasure and profit procure,
That every Vintner in Town is turn'd Brewer,
Which no body, &c.

But now let's leave singing, and drink off our Bub,
Let's call for a Reckoning, and every man club,
For I think I have told you a Tale of a Tub,
Which no body can deny.

A Letany.

From *Essex* Anabaptist Laws,
And from *Norfolk* Plough-tail Laws,
From *Apigails* pure tender Zeal,
Whiter than a *Brownists* veal,
From a *Serjeants* Temple pickle,
And the *Brethrens* *Conventicle*,
From roguish meetings, or *Cutpurse* hall,
And *New-England*, worst of all,
Libera nos Domine.

From

Merry Drollerie. 39

From the cry of *Ludgate* debtors,
And the noise of Prisoners Fetters,
From groans of them that have the Pox,
And coyl of Beggars in the Stocks,
From roar o' th' *Bridge*, and *Bedlam*-prate,
And with Wives met at *Billingsgate*,
From scritch-owles, and dogs night-howling,
From Sailers cry at their main bowling,
Libera nos domine.

From *Frank Wilsons* trick of mopping,
And her ulcered hole with popping,
From Knights o' th' post, and from decoys,
From *Whores*, *Bawds*, and roaring *Boys*,
From a *Bulker* in the dark,
And *Hannah* with *St. Tansins* Clark,
From Biskets *Bawds* have rubb'd their gums,
And from purging-Comfit plums,
Libera nos Domine.

From *Sue Prats* Son, the fair and witty,
The Lord of *Portsmouth*, sweet and pretty,
From her that creeps up *Holbourn* hill,
And *Moll* that cries, *God-dam-me* still,
From backwards-ringing of the Bells,
From both the Counters and Bridewells,
From blind *Robbin* and his *Bess*,
And from a Purse that's penniless,
Libera nos Domine.

From gold-finders, and night-weddings,
From *Womens* eyes false liquid sheddings,
From *Rocks*, *Sands*, and *Cannon-shot*,
And from a stinking Chamber-por,

40 The Second Part of

From a hundred years old sinner,
And Duke *Humphreys* hungry dinner,
From stinking breath of an old Aunt
From Parritors and Pursevannts

Libera nos Domine.

From a Dutchmans snick and sneeing,
From a misty Irish being
From a Welchmans lofty bragging,
And a Monsieur loves not drabbing,
From begging Scotchmen and their pride,
From striving 'gainst both wind and tide,
From too much strong Wine and Beer,
Enforcing us to domineer,

Libera nos Domine.

The Blacksmith.

OF all the Trades that ever I see.
There's none to the Blacksmith compared may
With so many several tooles works he, (be
Which no body can deny.

The first that ever Thunderbolts made
was a *Cyclops* of the Blacksmiths Trade,
As in a Learned Author is said,
Which no body, &c.

When thundringlike we strike about,
The firelike Lightning flashes out,
Which suddenly with water we d'out,
Which no body, &c.

The

Merry Drollerie. 41

The fairest Goddes in the Skies,
To marry with *Vulcan* did advise,
And he was a Blacksmith grave and wise,
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan he to do her right,
Did build her a Town by day and by night,
And gave it a name which was *Hammersmiths* high
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan further did acquaint her,
That a pretty Estate he would appoint her,
And leave her *Seacoal-lane* for a Joynter,
Which no body, &c.

And that no enemy might wrong her,
He built her a Fort, you'd wish no stronger,
Which was in the lane of *Ironmonger*,
Which no body, &c.

Smithfield he did cleanse from durt,
And sure there was great Reason for't,
For there he meant she should keep her Court,
Which no body, &c.

But after in a good time and tide,
It was by the Blacksmith rectifi'd
To the honour of *Edmund Ironside*,
Which no body, &c.

Vulcan after made a traine,
Wherein the God of war was tane,
Which ever since hath been call'd *Pauls chaine*,
Which no body, &c.

The

42 *The Second Part of*

The common Proverb as it is read,
That a man must hit the nail on the head,
Without the Blacksmith cannot be said,
Which no body, &c.

Another must not be forgot,
And falls unto the Blacksmiths lot,
That a man strike while the Iron is hot,
Which no body, &c.

Another comes in most proper and fir,
The Blacksmiths justice is seen in it,
When you give a man roast & beat him with the spit
Which no body, &c.

Another comes in our Blacksmiths way,
When things are safe, as old wives say,
We have them under lock and key,
Which no body, &c.

Another that's in the Blacksmiths books,
And only to him for remedy looks,
Is when a man's quite off the hooks,
Which no body, &c.

Another Proverb to him doth belong,
And therefore let's do the Blacksmith no wrong,
When a man's held to it buckle and thong,
Which no body, &c.

Another Proverb doth make me laugh,
Wherein the Blacksmith may challenge half,
When a Reason's as plain as a Pike staffe,
Which no body, &c.

Though

Merry Drollerie. 43

Though your Lawyers travel both near and far,
And by long pleading a good cause may mar,
Yet your Blacksmith takes more pains at the Bar,
Which no body, &c.

Though your Scrivener seek to crush and to kill,
By his counterfeit deed, and thereby dorth ill,
Yet your Blacksmith may forge what he will,
Which no body, &c.

Though your bankrupt Citizens lurk in their holes,
And laugh at their Creditors, and their Catchpoles,
Yet your Blacksmith can fetch them over the coals,
Which no body, &c.

Though *Jackie* in the stable be never so neat
To look to his Nag, and prescribe him his meat,
Yet your Blacksmith knows better how to give a heat
Which no body, &c.

If any Taylor have the Itch,
The Blacksmiths water, as black as pitch,
Will make his hands go thorough stich,
Which no body, &c.

There's never a slut, if filth o'r smutch her,
But owes to the Blacksmith for her leacher,
For without a pair of tongues there's no man will
Which no body, &c. (touch her,

Your roaring boy, who every one Quails,
Fights, domineers, swaggers, and rays,
Could never yet make the Smith eat his Nails,
Which no body, &c.

If

44 *The Second Part of*

If a Schollar be in doubt,
And cannot well bring his matter about,
The Blacksmith he can hammer it out,
Which no body, &c.

Now if to know him you would desire,
You must not scorn, but rank him higher,
For what he gets, is out of the fire,
Which no body, &c.

Now here's a good health to Blacksmiths all,
And let it go round, as round as a ball;
We'll drink it all off though it cost us a fall,
Which no body can deny.

The Gypsies, a Catch.

Come my dainty Doxies,
My Dove, my Darle, my Dear,
We have neither meat nor drink,
Yet never want good chear;
We take no care for Candle Rents,
We lye, we swear, we snort in Tents,
Come rouse betimes
All you that love your dinners,
Our store now taken
With Pigs, Hens, and Bacon,
And that's good meat for sinners.

At Fairs and Wakes we cuzzen
Poor Country Folk by the dozen;
Some come to disburfes,
And some to pick purses;

We

Merry Drollerie. 45

We for want of use
We steal both hose and shooes,
Gilded Spurs with jingling Rowels,
Shirts or Smocks, Sheets or Towels;
Come live with us all you that love your ease,
He that's a Gipsie may be drunk when he please,
We laugh, we quaff, we roar, we snuffle
We drink, we Drab, we chear, we shuffle.

In imitation of Come my Daphne, a Dialogue betwixt Pluto and Oliver.

Pluto Come Imp Royal, come away,
Into black night we will turn bright day.

Oliver. 'Tis *Pluto* calls, what would my Syre?

Pluto. Come follow to the Stigian fire,
Where *Ireton* doth wait to welcome thee in

Oliver. Were I in bed with *Lamberts* wife, (tate.
I'd quit those joys for such a life.

Pluto. My Princely *Nol* make hatt,
For thee we keep a fast.

Oliver. In these dismall shades will I
Unto thee unfold my Villany.

Pluto. In my bosome I'll thee lay,
For thy sake we'll all keep holyday.

Chorus. We'll rage and roar, and fry in flames,
And *Charles* himself shall see
How damn'dly we agree,
Yet scorn to change our Chains
For his Eternal diety.

John

46 *The Second Part of*

John and Joane.

IF you will give ear,
And hearken a while what I shall tell,
I think I must come near,
Or else you cannot hear me well :
It was a maid, as I heard say,
That in her Masters Chamber lay,
For maidens must it not refuse,
In Yeomens houses they it use
In a truckle-bed to lye,
Or in a bed that stands thereby,
Her Master and her Dame
VVould have the maid to do the same:

This Maid she could not sleep
VVhen as she heard the bedstead crack,
When Captain Standish stout
Made his Dame cry out, you hurt my back,
Fye, she said, you do me wrong,
You lye so sore my breast upon,
But you are such another man,
You'd have me do more than I can ;
Fie Master, then quoth honest *Joane*,
I pray you let my Dame alone ;
Fie, quoth she, what a coyl you keep,
I cannot take no rest nor sleep.

This was enough to make
A maiden sick and full of pain,
For she did fling and kick,
And swore she'd tear her smock in twain ;

But

Merry Drollerie. 47

But now to let you understand,
They kept a man whose name was *John*,
To whom this Maiden went anon,
And unto him she made her moan :
Tell me *John*, tell me the same,
VWhat doth my Master to my Dame?
Tell me *John*, and do not lye,
VWhat ailes my Dame to squeak and cry?

Quoth *John*, your Master he
Doth give your Dame a steel at night,
And though she find such fault,
It is her only hearts delight :
And you *Jone*, for your part,
You would have one with all your heart ;
Yes indeed, quoth honest *Jone*,
Therefore to thee I make my moan ;
But *John*, if I may be so bold,
VWhere is there any to be sold ?
At *London*, then quoth honest *John*,
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

VWhat is the price, quoth *Jone*,
If I should chance to stand in need ?
VWhy twenty shillings, then quoth *John*,
For twenty shillings you may speed ;
The Maid she went unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him twenty shillings just :
Here *John*, quoth she, here is the Coyn,
And prethee have me in thy mind,
And, honest *John*, do me no wrong,
But buy me one that's stiff and strong,
And, honest *John*, out of my store
I'll give thee two odd shillings more.

To

48 *The Second Part of*

To Market then went *John*
When he had the money in his purse,
He domineer'd and swore,
And was as stout as any horse:
Some he spent in Wine and Beer,
And some in Cakes and other good cheer,
And some he carried home again
To serve his turn another time;
O *John*, quoth she, thou'rt welcome home:
God-a-mercy, quoth he, gentle *Jone*;
But prethee *John*, now let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a steel?

Yes that I have, quoth *John*,
And then he took her by the hand,
He led her straight into a room
VVhere she could see nor Sun nor Moon;
The door to him he straight did clap,
He put the steel into her lap,
And then the Maid began to feel,
Cods foot, quoth she, 'tis a goodly steel:
But tel me, *John*, and do not lye,
VVhat make these two things hang here by?
O *Jone*, to let thee understand,
They're the two odd shillings thou putst in my hand.

The Power of Wine.

How poor is his Spirit, how lost is his Name?
Deceiveth Opinion, and curtels his Fame,
VVhen as his design turns neer to their hate,
'Twixt shall I, and shall I suspects their own wair,
Hath traffickt for honour, but lost the whole freight;

He

Merry Drollerie. 49

He that's stout in the front, but not so in the rear,
Doth forfeit his Fame, and is cowed down by fear.

A small part of honour to him doth belong,
Consults not his glory, but faints in the throng,
That fears to embrace what his Country doth vote,
And yields up her liberty to a Red-coat;
Sure *Midsummer* is near, and some men do doar,
I like the bold Romans, whose fame ever rings,
That kept in subjection such pitiful things.

He that will be Bugbear'd is turn'd again Child,
A Reed than a Scepter is fitter to weild:
Examine that story, no story you'll find
Than saving that story that Cat will to kind;
The world is deluded, the Commonwealth blind,
Your false stamps of honour proves but copper mettle
And Fame sounds as loud from a tinkers old kettle.

He that past hath the Pike, and found Canon-free,
Which shews that no curse from his Parents could be,
Had a soul so devout made killing a trade,
And now to retreat at the scent of a blade,
Doth shew of what mould our Knight-errant is made,
He that flags in his flight when his ambition soars
Doth stab his own merit, & gives fame the lye. (high

Then *Cicero*-like you gown-men drench cares,
O'rwhelm'd with your own & your Countries affairs,
And Pulpit-men to be as ayry as he;
Do you but preach Sack up, we'll ne'r disagree
That Common-wealth's best that is the most free,
Then fret not, nor care not, when the Sack's in our
We can fancy a King up, or fancy him down. (crown,

E

The

50 *The Second Part of*

The mad Zealot.

A M I mad, O noble *Festus*,
VVhen Zeal and godly knowledge
Have put me in hope
To deal with the Pope,
As well as the best in the Colledge?
Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Mirers, Copes, and Rochers:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crochets.

In the house of pure *Emanuel*
I had my Education,
VVhere my friends surmise
I dazell'd mine eyes
VVith the light of Revelation,
Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a Beldam,
They lasht my four poor quarters;
VVhilst this I endure,
Faith makes me sure
To be one of *Foxes* Martyrs,
Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer
Through Antichrists perswasions;
Take off this Chain,
Neither *Rome* nor *Spain*
Can resist my strong invasions.
Boldly I preach, &c.

Merry Drollerie. 51

OF the beasts ten horns (God bleſs us)

I have knock'd off three already :

If they let me alone,

I'll leave him none :

But they ſay I am too heady.

Boldly I preach, &c.

VWhen I ſack'd the ſeven-hill'd City,

I met the great red Dragon.

I kept him aloof,

VWith the armour of proof,

Though here I have never a rag on :

Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery Sword and Target

There fought I with this Monster :

But the ſons of pride

My zeal deride,

And all my deeds miſconſter.

Boldly I preach, &c.

I unhors'd the Whore of *Babel*

With a Lance of Inspirations :

I made her ſtink,

And ſpill her drink

In the cup of Abominations,

Boldly I preach, &c.

I have ſeen two in a Viſion,

With a flying Book between them :

I have been in deſpair

Five times a year,

And cur'd by reading *Greenham*,

Boldly I preach, &c.

52 *The Second Part of*

I observ'd in *Perkins* Tables
The black Lines of Damnation,
Those crooked veins
So stuck in my brains,
That I fear'd my Reprobation,
Boldly I preach, &c.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure,
Till I prick't my foot,
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before th' Archbishop,
And all the High Commission:
I gave him no Grace,
But told him to his face
That he favour'd Superstition,
Boldly I preach, hate a Cross, hate a Surplice,
Miters, Copes, and Rochets:
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with Crotchets.

Drunk

Drunk with Love.

I Doat, I doat, but am a Sot to shew it,
I was a very fool to let her know it,
For now she doth so cunning grow,
And proves a friend worse than a foe,
She will not hold me fast, nor let me go :
She tells me I cannot forsake her,
Then straight I endeavour to leave her,
But to make me stay throws a kiss in my way,
O then I could tarry for ever.

Thus I retire, salute, and sit down by her,
There do I fry in frost, and freeze in fire ;
Now nectar from her lips I sup,
And though I cannot drink all up,
Yet I am fox'd with kissing of the Cup :
For her lips are two brimmers of Clarrer,
Where first I began to miscarry,
Her breasts of delight are two bottles of White,
And her eyes are two cups of Canary.

Drunk, as I live, dead drunk beyond reprieve,
For all my secrets dribble through a sieve ;
About my neck her arms she layeth,
Now all is Gospel that she saith,
Which I lay hold on with my fuddled faith ;
I find a fond Lover's a Drunkard,
And dangerous is when he flies out,
With hips, and with lips, with black eyes & white
Blind Cupid sure tiptled his eyes out. (thighs

54 The Second Part of

She bids me rise, tells me I must be wise,
Like her, for she's not in love she cries ;
This makes me fret, and fling, and throw,
Shall I be fettered to my foe?
I begin to run, but cannot go ;
I prethee, sweet, use me more kindly,
You were better to hold me fast,
If you once disengage your Bird from his cage,
Believe it he'll leave you at last.

Like Sor I sit, that fill'd the Town with wit,
But now confess I have most need of it ;
I have been fox'd with Duck and Deer
Above a quarter of a year,
Beyond the cure of sleeping, or small beer ;
I think I can number the Months too,
July, August, September, October,
Thus goes my account, a mischief light on't,
But sure I shall go when I'm sober.

My legs are lam'd, my courage is quite tam'd,
My heart and all my body is inflam'd,
As by experience I can prove,
And swear by all the Powers above,
'Tis better to be drunk with wine than love :
For 'tis Sack makes us merry and witty,
Our foreheads with Jewels adorning,
Although we do grope, yet there's some hope
That a man may be sober next morning.

Thus, with command, she throws me from her hand,
And bids me go, yet knows I cannot stand ;
I measure all the ground by trips,

Was

Merry Drollerie. 55

Was ever Sot so drunk with sips,
Or can a man be overseen with lips ?
I pray Madam fickle be faithful,
And leave off your damnable dousing,
Then do not deceive me, either love me or leave
Or let me go home to my lodging. (me,

I have too much, and yet my folly is such,
I cannot hold, but must have t'other touch;
Here's a health to the King : how now ?
I'm drunk, and speak treason I vow,
Lovers and Fools say any thing you know ;
I fear I have tired your patience,
But I'm sure 'tis I have the wrong on't,
My wits are bereft, and all I have left
Is scarce enough to make a Song on't ;
My Mistris and I shall never comply,
And there's the short and the long on't.

A Present to a Lady.

L Adies I do here present you
VWith a token Love hath sent you ;
'Tis a thing to sport and play with,
Such another pretty thing
For to pass the time away with ;
Prettier sport was never seen ;

Name I will not, nor define it,
Sure I am you may devine it :
By those modest looks I guess it,
And those eyes so full of fire,
That I need no more express it,
But leave your fancies to admire.

E 4

Yet

56 *The Second Part of*

Yet as much of it be spoken
In the praise of this love-token :
'Tis a wash that far surpasseth
For the cleansing of your blood,
All the Saints may bless your faces,
Yet not do you so much good.

Were you ne'r so melancholly,
It will make you blithe and jolly ;
Go no more, no more admiring,
When you feel your spleen's amiss,
For all he drinks of Steel and Iron
Never did such cures as this.

It was born in th' Isle of Man,
Venus nurs'd it with her hand,
She puff'd it up with milk and pap,
And hush'd it in her wanton lap,
So ever since this Monster can
In no place else with pleasure stand.

Colossus like, between two Rocks,
I have seen him stand and shake his locks,
And when I have heard the names
Of the sweet Saterian Dames,
O he's a Champion for a Queen,
'Tis pity but he should be seen.

Nature, that made him, was so wise
As to give him neither tongue nor eyes,
Supposing he was born to be
The Instrument of Jealousie,
Yet he can, as Poets feign,
Cure a Ladies love-sick brain.

He

Merry Drollerie. 57

He was the first that did betray
To mortal eyes the milky way ;
He is that *Proteus* cunning Ape
That will beget you any shape ;
Give him but leave to act his part,
And he'll revive your saddest heart.

Though he want legs, yet he can stand
With the least touch of your soft hand ;
And though, like *Cupid*, he be blind,
There's never a hole but he can find ;
If by all this you do not know it,
Pray Ladies give me leave to shew it.

A Combate of Cocks.

GO you tame Gallants, you that have the name,
And would accounted be Cocks of the Game,
That have brave spurs to shew for't, and can crow,
And count all dunghill breed that cannot shew
Such painted Plumes as yours ; that think no vice,
With Cock-like lust to tread your Cockatrice :
Though Peacocks, Wood-cocks, Weather-cocks you be,
If y' are no fighting-cocks, y' are not for me :
I of two feather'd Combatants will write,
He that to th' life means to express the fight,
Must make his ink o'th' blond which they did spill,
And from their dying wings borrow his quill.

NO sooner were the doubtful people set,
The matches made, and all that would had bet,
But straight the skilful Judges of the Play,
Bring forth their sharp-heel'd Warriours, and they
Were

58 *The Second Part of*

Were both in linnen bags, as if 'twere meer,
 Before they dy'd to have their winding-sheer.
 With that in th' pit they are put, and when they were
 Both on their feet, the *Norfolk* Chanticleere
 Looks stoutly at his ne'r-before seen foe,
 And like a Challenger begins to crow,
 And shakes his wings, as if he would display
 His warlike Colours, which were black and gray :
 Meane time the wary *Wishich* walks and breaths
 His active body, and in fury wreaths
 His comely crell, and often looking down,
 He whets his angry beak upon the ground :
 With that they meet, not like that coward breed
 Of *Æsop*, that can better fight than feed.
 They scorn the dung-hill, 'tis their only prize,
 To dig for Pearl within each others eyes :
 They fight so long, that it was hard to know
 To th' skilful, whether they did fight or no,
 Had not the bloud which died the fatall floor
 Born witness of it ; yet they fight the more,
 As if each wound were but a spur to prick
 Their fury forward : lightning's not more quick
 Nor red than were their eyes : 'twas hard to know
 Whether it was bloud or anger made them so :
 And sure they had been out, had they not stood
 More safe by being fenced in by blood.
 Yet still they fight, but now (alas) at length,
 Although their courage be full tried, their strength
 And bloud began to ebbe ; you that have seen
 A water-combat on the Sea, between
 Two roaring angry boyling billows, how
 They march, and meer, and dath their curled brows,
 Swelling like graves, as if they did intend
 T' intomb each other, ere the quarrel end :

But

Merry Drollerie. 59

But when the wind is down, and blustering weather,
They are made friends, and sweetly run together,
May think these Champions such, their combs grow
And they that leapt even now, now scarce can go (low
Their wings which lately at each blow they clapt
(As if they did applaud themselves) now flap.
And having lost the advantage of the heel,
Drunk with each others blood they only reel.
From either eyes such drops of blood did fall,
As if they wept them for their Funeral.
And yet they would fain fight, they come so near,
As if they meant into each others ear
To whisper death; and when they cannot rise,
They lie and look blows in each others eyes.

But now the Tragick part after the fight,
When *Norfolk* Cock had got the best of it,
And *Wisbich* lay a dying, so that none,
Though sober, but might venture seven to one,
Contracting (like a dying Taper) all
His force, as meaning with that blow to fall;
He struggles up, and having taken wind,
Ventures a blow; and strikes the other blind.
And now poor *Norfolk* having lost his eyes,
Fights only guided by th' Antipathies:
With him (alas) the Proverb holds not true,
The blows his eyes ne'r see, his heart most rue.
At length by chance, he stumbling on his foe,
Not having any power to strike a blow,
He falls upon him with a wounded head,
And makes his conquered wings his Feather-bed:
Where lying sick, his friends were very chary
Of him, and fetcht in haste an Apothecary;
But all in vain, his body did so blister,
That 'twas uncapable of any glister,

Where-

60 *The Second Part of*

Wherefore at length, opening his fainting bill,
He call'd a Scrivener, and thus made his Will.

INprimis, Let it never be forgot,
My body freely I bequeath to th' pot,
Decently to be boyl'd, and for its tomb,
Let it be buried in some hungry womb.
Item, Executors I will have none,
But he that on my side laid seven to one:
And like a Gentleman that he may live,
To him and to his heirs my comb I give;
Together with my brains, that all may know,
That oftentimes his brains did use to crow.
Item, It is my Will to the weaker ones,
Whose wives complain of them, I give my stones;
To him that's dull, I do my spurs impart,
And to the Coward, I bequeath my heart:
To Ladies that are light, it is my will,
My feathers should be giv'n; and for my bitt,
I'd give't a Taylor, but it is so short,
That I'm afraid he'll rather curse me for't:
And for the Apothecaries fee, who meant
To give me a Glister, let my Rump be sent.
Lastly, because I feel my life decay,
I yield, and give to Wisbich Cock the day.

Full

Full forty times over.

FULL forty times over I have strived to win,
Full forty times over repulsed have been,
But 'tis forty to one but I'll tempt her agen;

For he's a dull Lover
That so will give over,
Since thus runs the sport,
Since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Fort,
Since thus runs the sport,
Assault her but often, and you carry the Fort.

(been,

There's a breach ready made, which still open hath
With thousands of thoughts to betray it within,
If you once but approach you are sure to get in,

Then stand not off coldly,
But venter on boldly,
With weapon in hand,
With weapon in hand,
If you once but approach, she's not able to stand,
With weapon in hand:
If you once but approach, she's not able to stand.

Some Lady-birds when down before them you sit,
Will think to repulse you with Fire-balls of wit,
But alas they'r but crackers, and seldome do hit;

Then vanquish them after
With alarms of laughrer,
Their Forces being broke,
Their Forces being broke,
And the fire quite out, you may vanquish in smook,
Their

62 *The Second Part of*

Their Forces being broke :
And the fire quite out, you may vanquish in smoak.

With pride & with state, some out-works they make,
And with Volleys of frowns drive the enemy back :
If you mind her discreetly she's easie to take,
Then to it, ne'r fear her,
But boldly come near her,
By working about,
By working about :
If you once but approach, she can ne'r hold it out,
By working about,
If you once but approach, she can ne'r hold it out.

Some Ladies with blushes and modesty fight,
And with their own fears the rude foe do affright,
But they'r eas'ly surpriz'd if you come in the night :
Then this you must drive at,
To parley in private,
And then they're o'rthrown,
And then they'r o'rthrown,
If you promise them fairly, they'l soon be your own,
And then they'r o'rthrown,
If you promise them fairly, they'l soon be your own.

The Answer.

HE is a fond Lover that doateth on scorn,
Who Fortune's neglects hath patiently born:
He's proud of abuses, if e'r he return
To prove a fond Lover ;
His wit he'll discover,
By striving to win
A Fort, where old forces neglected have been.

For

Merry Drollerie. 63

For when a fort we defend from the foe,
We traytors imprison ; they ne'r come below ;
And her fort is defended by answering, No,
If this will not do it,
Disdain added to it,
Your weapon will fall ;
Although you approach, you'l not enter at all.

They are Lady-birds sure, these lovers intend,
Which cannot with wit such a fortress defend,
Whilst *Hectors* their squibs & their crackers do spend;
And vainly come after,
To conquer with laughter :
For she hath no wit,
That spends all her fire in the smoak to be hit.

Where a Fort hath no strength but such as is made
By pride and by state, such a foe may invade ;
For these are defences for those of the trade.
You men are so witty,
Works guard not our City,
But forces within,
With which we maintain't, though the out-works you
(win.

These warriors at last with our weapons will fight ;
And if we are — they'l come in the night :
But alas they're denied, our vertues are bright :
For she that loves honour,
No parley ere won her,
To yield up her pow'r,
For a few flatt'ring words, and the sport of an hour.

64 *The Second Part of*

Loves Tenement.

IF any one do want a house,
Prince, Duke, Earl, Lord, or Squire,
Or Peasant, hardly worth a louse,
I can fit his desire:
I have a Tenement, the which
I know can fit them all,
'Tis seated near a stinking ditch,
Men call it Cony-hall.

It stands below Bum-Alley,
A foot of belly-hill;
This Tenement is to be ta'n
By whosoever will:
For term of years, for months, or daies
I'll let this pleasant bower,
Nay, rather than a Tenant want,
I'll let it for an houre.

About it grows a pleasant wood
To shade you from the Sun;
Well watered 'tis, for through the house
A pleasant stream doth run;
If hot, you there may cool you,
If cold, you there find hear,
For little it not greatest is,
For least 'tis not too great.

My house, indeed, I must say is dark,
Be it by night or day,
But if that you be gotten in
You cannot miss the way;

None

Merry Drollerie. 63

None ever yet within my house
Did ever weep or wail,
You need not fear the tenure of it,
For it is held in taylor.

But I must covenant with him
That takes this House of mine,
Either for years, or else for months;
Or for some shorter time,
That once a day he wash it,
And sweep it round about,
And if that he do fail of this,
I'll seek a new Tenant out.

Thus if you like my Tenement;
Your house-room shall be good,
Of such a temper as you shall
Need burn neither Cole or wood:
For be it cold, or be it hot,
To speak I dare be bold,
As long as you keep your nose within dores
You never shall be a cold.

In praise of Sack.

Come faith let's frolick, fill some Sack,
For then we shall not lack
Food for the belly, nor physick for the back,
This Beer breeds the Collick, let us spread
Our Cheeks with Royal Red,
And then we'll sing, hey toss the devil's dead,
To Faction we never more will bow the knee:
Great Britains fate in faith 'twas long of thee.

F

You

66 *The Second Part of*

You may see what Madam *England* hath been at
When we behold her Nose is rain so flat.

To Wine we'll build a Shrine,
And an Altar divine,
High as the sign, where thy red nose and mine
Like Tapers shall shine:
Then let's drink for the Bets, 'tis the loser that gets,
In spite of their threats, and our Creditors nets,
We'll drink off our debts,
Where he that's dead drunk, shall be
Laid out in state, as well as he
Whose dignity the only objects be
Of new Idolatry.
We'll guard his corpse like a Bride
To the grave-side, so copious and wide,
With as much pride as he that lately dyed,
The Railing set aside.

Fifty red-faces free, shall his Torch-bearers be;
Six maudlin Mourners his Coffin shall carry,
There we will tipple free unto the memory
Of our fraternity drown'd in Canary:
In the Devil-Tavern we commonly will shew him,
We'll bury him from the devil,
Others fair men to him.

We'll be blythe and trimmer,
We'll have Musick to ———
Jews-harp, tongues, and skimmer,
Thy Cup ——— my Cup ———
Bar-boy fill the other brimmer,
Fly cup ——— strike up ——— there boy,
Till our eyes do grow dinner.

Money

Merry Drollerie. 67

Money shall be spent in Bays,
Every pen shall vent a praise,
And a monument we'll raise
Over his bones.

Where his Epitaph shall be;
That he dyed in Loyalty,
Never gain'd by Cruelty,
Kingdoms, nor Crowns.

That he never lived by injury,
Nor confounded men for forgery,
Neither put a prop of Perjury
Under his thrones;

That although he drank his Cares away,
And sometimes his Loyal fears away,
Yet he never drank the tears away
Of Orphans Groans.

Thus he shall be both frolick and free,

Who's kindly kill'd with Canary,
With red and white, or other delight,

If tippling makes him miscarry,
Provided he a Bachanel be,

And scorns to admit of a parley
With Ale or Beer, or other such geer,

Polluted with Hop or with Barley,
Good Wine doth ring, like Priest and King,

But 'tis Ale that looks like a Lay-man,
Then for the Vineyard draw your Whynyard,
The Devill go with the Dray-man.

68 *The Second Part of*

A Maidenhead.

VVhat is that you call a Maidenhead ?
A thing oft smothered in a bed,
Which some have now, which all have had,
Which freely given it makes one sad.

'Tis got for nought with little pain ;
'Tis kept, but lost, not got again ;
'Tis that you call a Maidenhead,
By proving quick 'tis ever dead.

A lump which Lasses bear about
Till putting in doth put it out ;
A herb it is which proves a weed
When first the husk doth bear a Seed.

It's that a Maidenhead we call,
A thing by standing made to fall ;
It is a Maidenhead, say we,
That is kept by holding close the knee.

Which youths were often used to lurch,
Which Brides do seldom bear to Church ;
At fifteen rare, at eighteen strange,
Which either lose when two do change.

That fit's when Maidens begin to reak,
When ere it parts, it makes them squeak,
And being gone, they straight repent :
This by a Maidenhead is meant.

Merry Drollerie. 69

The Night encounter.

VWhen *Phæbus* had dress'd his course to the
To take up his rest below, (West
And *Cynthia* agreed in her glittering weed
Her light in his stead to bestow :
I walking alone, attended by none,
I suddenly heard one cry,
O do not, do not kill me yet,
For I am not prepared to dye.

At length I drew near to see and to hear,
And straight did appear a shew,
The Moon was so bright I saw such a sight
It's fit no Wight should it know :
A man and a maid together were laid,
And ever she said, nay fie,
O do not, &c.

The Youth was so rough he pull'd up her stuff,
And to blindman-buff he did go,
Though still she did lye, yet still she did cry,
And put him but by with a no ;
But he was so strong, and she was so young,
That she rested a while for to cry,
O do not, &c.

Thus striving in vain, well pleased again,
She vowed to remain his foe,
She kept such a coyl when he gave her the foyl,
The greater the broyl did grow ;

70 *The Second Part of*

For he was prepared, and did not regard
Her words when he heard her cry,

O do not, &c.

He said to the Maid, Sweet be not afraid,
The Physician I will be;
If I light in the hole that pleaseth me best
I'll give thee thy Physick free;
He went to it again, and hit in the Vein
Where all her whole grief did lye;
O kill me, kill me once again,
For I am prepared to dye.

At length he gave o'r, and suddenly swore,
He'd kill her no more that night,
He bid her adieu, for certain he knew
She wou'd tempt him to more delight:
But when they did part it went to her heart,
For at length he had taught her to cry,
O kill me, kill me once again,
For now I am prepared to dye.

The Protecting Brewer.

A Brewer may be a Burgeſſs grave,
And carry the matter ſo fine and ſo brave,
That he the better may play the knave,
Which no body can deny.

A Brewer may be a Parliament-man,
For there the knavery firſt began,
And brew moſt cunning Plots he can,
Which no body, &c.

Merry Drollerie. 71

A Brewer may put on a *Nabal* face,
And march to the wars with such a grace,
That he may get a Captains place,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may speak so monstrous well,
That he may raise strange things to tell,
And so to be made a Colonel,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may make his foes to flee,
And raise his fortunes, so that he
Lieutenant-General may be,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer he may be all in all,
And raise his powers both great and small,
That he may be a Lord General,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may be like a Fox in a Cub,
And teach a Lecture out of a Tub,
And give the wicked world a rub,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer by's Excize and Rate,
Will promise his Army he knows what,
And set it upon the Colledge-gate,
Which no body, &c.

Methinks I hear one say to me,
Pray why may nor a Brewer be,
Lord-Chancellour o'th' University,
Which no body, &c.

72. *The Second Part of*

A Brewer may be as bold as a Heſtor,
When he has drunk off his cup of Neectar,
And a Brewer may be a Lord Protector,
Which no body, &c.

Now here remains the ſtrangeſt thing,
How this Brewer about his liquor doth bring,
To be an Emperour, or a King,
Which no body, &c.

A Brewer may do what he will
Rob the Church and State, to ſell
His ſoul unto the devil of hell,
Which no body can deny.

Cromwel's Coronation.

O *Livir, Oliver*, take up thy Crown,
For now thou haſt made three Kingdoms thine
Call thee a Conclave of thy own creation, (own;
To ride us to ruine, who dare thee oppoſe:
Whiſt we thy good people are at thy devotion,
To fall down and worſhip thy terrible Noſe.

To thee and thy Mermydons, *Oliver*, we,
Do render our homage as fits thy degree,
We'll pay thee Exſize and Taxes, God bleſs us,
With fear and contrition, as penitents ſhould,
Whiſt you, great ſirs, vouchſafe to oppreſs us,
Not daring ſo much as in private to ſcold.

We bow down, as cow'd down, to thee & thy ſword.
For now thou haſt made thy ſelf *Englands* ſole Lord,
By

Merry Drollerie. 73

By Mandate of Scripture, and heavenly warrant,
The Oath of Allegiance, and Covenant too;
To *Charles* and his kingdoms thou art Heir apparent,
And born to rule over the Turk and the Jew.

Then *Oliver, Oliver*, get up and ride,
Whilst Lords, Knights, & Gentry do run by thy side
The Maulsters and Brewers account it their glory,
Great god of the Grain-tub's compared to thee:
All Rebels of old are lost in their story,
Till thou plod'st along to the *Paddington-tree*.

The Drunkard.

When I do travel in the night
The Brewers dog my brains do bite,
My heart grows heavy, and my heels grow light,
And I like my humour well, well,
And I like my humour well.

When with upsie freeze I line my head,
My Hostis Sellar is my bed,
The Worlds our own, and the devil is dead,
And I like, &c.

Then I'll be talking of matters of Court,
About the taking of some Fort,
And I'll swear a lye is true report,
And I like, &c.

Then I'll be talking of matters of State,
Of News from the *Pallatinate*,
What Princes are confederate,
And I like, &c.

74 *The Second Part of*

If my hostess bids me pay my score,
And stand if I can, and call her whore,
I reell and tumble out of her doore,
And I like, &c.

That I came from the War, I roar and swear
I made a fellow die for fear,
How many I killed that I never came near,
And I like, &c.

If I chance to meet with a Taylors Stall,
And the stones with my nose with fighting fall,
We kiss and are friends, and so there's all,
And I like, &c.

With an Indian Chimney in my hand,
Having a Boy at my command,
Like a brave Commander up I stand,
And I like, &c.

Then I juggle with every post I meet,
I kick the dunghills about the street,
I trample the kennels about my feet,
And I like, &c.

8 The Constable I curse and ban,
That bids me stand if I be a man,
I tell him he bids me do more than I can,
And I like, &c.

If I fall to the ground, and the watchmen see,
And ask of me, if I foxed be?
I tell them 'tis my humility,
And I like, &c.

Then

Merry Drollerie. 75

Then home I go, and my Wife doth skold,
She bawls the more I bid her hold,
It is my patience makes her bold,
And I like, &c.

Then I grope to bed, but miss the way,
Forget me where my Cloaths I lay,
I call for drink by break of day,
And I like my humour.

Song of Sir Eglamore.

Sir *Eglamore*, that valiant Knight, fa, la, la, la, la,
He put on his Sword, and he went to fight, fa, la,
And as he rid o'r hill and dale,
All armed, and in his Coat of Maile,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, lalla la.

There starts a huge Dragon out of his Den, fa, la,
Which had kill'd I know not how many men, fa, la,
But when he see Sir *Eglamore*,
If you had but heard how the Dragon did roar,
Fa, la, la, &c.

This Dragon he had a plaguy hard hide, fa, la, la,
Which could the strongest steel abide, fa, la, la,
He could not enter him with cuts,
Which vex'd the Knight to his heart bloud and guts,
Fa, la, la, &c.

All the trees in the wood did shake, Fa, la, la,
Horses did tremble, and man did quake, Fa, la, la,

The

76 *The Second Part of*

The birds betook them to their peeping,
'Tould have made a mans heart to fall a weeping,
Fa, la, la.

But now it was no time to fear, fa, la, la.
For it was time to fight Dog, fight Bear, fa, la, la,
But as the Dragon yawning did fal,
He thrust his Sword down hilts and all,
Fa, la, la.

For as the Knight in Choller did burn, fa, la, la,
He ought the Dragon a shrewd good turn, fa, la, la,
In at his mouth his sword he sent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.
Fa, la, la.

Then the Dragon, like a Coward, began to flee, fa^r
Into his Den that was hard by, fa, la, la,
There he laid him down and roar'd,
The Knight was sorry for his sword,
Fa, la, la,

The Sword it was a right good blade, fa, la, la,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made, fa, la, la,
I, for my part, do forsake it,
He that will fetch it, let him take it,
Fa, la, la.

When all was done, to the Alehouse he went, fa, la,
And presently his twopence he spent, fa, la, la,
He was so hot with tugging with the Dragon,
That nothing would quench him but a whole flagon,
Fa, la, la.

Well,

Merry Drollerie. 77

Well, now let us pray for the King and Queen, fa, la,
And eke in *London* there may be seen, fa, la, la.
As many Knights, and as many more,
And all as good as Sir *Eglamore*,
Fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, lala la.

The Rump.

IF none be offended with the Sent,
Though I foul my mouth, I'll be content,
To sing of the Rump of a Parliament,
Which no body can deny.

I have sometimes fed on a Rump in Soufe,
And a man may imagine the Rump of a Louse;
But till now was ne'r heard of the Rump of a house,
Which no body, &c.

There's a rump of beef, and the rump of a goose,
And a rump whose neck was hang'd in a noose;
But ours is a Rump can play fast and loose,
Which no body, &c.

A Rump had *Jane Shore*, and a Rump *Messaleen*,
And a Rump had *Antonies* resolute Queen;
But such a Rump as ours is, never was seen,
Which no body, &c.

Two short years together we English have scarce
Been rid of thy rampant Nose (Old *Mars*,)
But now thou hast got a prodigious Arse,
Which no body, &c.

When

78 *The Second Part of*

When the parts of the body did all fall out,
Some votes it is like did pass for the Snout ;
But that the Rump should be King was never a doubt
Which no body, &c.

A Cat has a Rump, and a Cat has nine lives.
Yet when her heads off, her Rump never strives
But our Rump from the grave hath made two Re-
Which no body, &c. (trives,

That the Rump may all their enemies quail,
They'l borrow the Devils Coat of Mayl,
And all to defend their Estate in Tayl,
Which no body, &c.

But though their scale now seem to be th^e upper, (per,
There's no need of the charge of a thanksgiving sup-
For if they be the Rump, the Armies their Crupper,
Which no body, &c.

There is a saying belongs to the Rump,
Which is good although it be worn to the stump
That one the Buttock, I'll give thee a thump,
Which no body, &c.

There's a Proverb in which the Rump claims a part,
Which hath in it more of Sence than of Art,
That for all you can do I care not a fart,
Which no body, &c.

There's another Proverb gives the Rump for his
But Aldermen *Atkins* made it a Jest, Crest,
That of all kind of Lucks, shitten luck is the best,
Which no body, &c.

There's

Merry Drollerie. 79

There's another Proverb that never will fail,
That the good the Rump will do when they prevail,
Is to give give us a flap with a Fox-tail,
Which no body, &c.

There is a saying, which is made by no fools,
I never can hear on't but my heart it cools,
That the Rump wil spend all we have in close-stools,
Which no body, &c.

There's an observation wise and deep,
Which, without an Onion, will make me to weep,
That Flies will blow Maggots in the Rump of a
Which no body, &c. (sheep,

And some, that can see the wood from the trees,
Say, this sanctified Rump in time we may leese :
For the Cooks do challenge the rumps for their Fees
Which no body, &c.

When the Rump do sit, we'll make it our moan,
That a Reason be 'nacted, if their be not one,
Why a Fart hath a tongue, and a Fieft hath none,
Which no body, &c.

And whil'st within the walls they lurk,
To satisfie us, will be a good work,
Who hath most Religion, the Rump or the Turk,
Which no body, &c.

A Rump's a Fag-end, like the baulk of a furrow,
And is to the whole like the jail to the burrough,
'Tis the bran that is left when the meal is run tho-
Which no body, &c. (rough,
Consider

80 *The Second Part of*

Consider the world, the heav'n is the head on'r;
The earth is the middle, and we men are fed on'r,
But hell is the rump, and no more can be said on'r,
Which no body can deny.

The Red-coats Triumph.

Come Drawer, and fill us about some wine,
Let's merrily tippie, the day is our own;
We'll have our delights, let the Country go pine,
Let the King and the Kingdom groan:
The Crown is our own, and so shall continue,
We'll baffle Monarchy quite,
Well drink of the Kingdoms Revenue,
And sacrifice all to Delight;
'Tis power that brings us all to be Kings,
And we'll all be crown'd by our might.

A fig for Divinity Lectures, and Law,
And all that true Loyalty do pretend;
We will by the Sword keep the Kingdoms in awe,
And our Powers shall never end;
The Church and the State we'll turn into liquor,
And spend a whole town in a day:
We'll melt all the Bookins the quicker
Into Sack, and drink them away;
We'll keep the de neans of the Bishops and Deans,
And over the Presbyter sway.

Now nimble Saint *Patrick* is sunk in a bog,
And his Country-men sadly cry, *O hone, O hone;*
Saint *Andrew* and his Kirkmen are lost in a fog,
And now we are the Saints alone;

Thus

Merry Drollerie. 81

Thus on our Equals and Superiours we trample,
And *fockie* our stirrop shall bold,
The Citty's our Mule for example,
Whilst we will in plenty be roul'd ;
Each delicate dish shall but eccho our wish,
And our drink shall be cordial Gold.

A New years Gift.

FAir Lady, for your New-years Gift
I send you here a dish of fruit :
The first shall be a Popering Pear,
'Tis all the fruit one tree doth bear ;
Rowle it not, the juyce, I doubt,
'Tis so ripe, will all run out ;
You must not pare it any whit,
But take it all in at one bit ;
If in your mouth a while it lye,
It will melt deliciously.

The next in order doth befall,
Two handful of great rouncefal ;
King *Pryapus*, that Garden God,
Made *Venus* eat it in the Cod ;
And since that seed all women sow,
Because it will so quickly grow ;
If pretty Bun the stalk devour,
'Twill up again in half an hour ;
When once the Bun it doth espy,
'Twill mop most prettily.

The next in order, you shall have
A large Potato, and a brave :

82 *The Second Part of*

It must be roasted in the fire
That *Cupid* kindled with desire,
The roasting it will mickle cost,
'Twill bast it self when it is roast ;
It needs no sugar, nor no spice,
'Twill please a Stomack ne'r so nice ;
'Twill make a maid at Midnight cry,
It comes most pleasantly.

The bravest thing in all this Land,
You shall have *Mars* his holly wand :
A thing that never grew on tree,
'Twill tuch and sting worse than a Bee ;
Bend him not, perhaps in time
He may grow up unto his prime ;
Correct him not too much at first,
For if you do, tears forth will burst ;
When *Mars* came down to fetch his wand,
It cries, I cannot stand.

The Bulls Feather.

IT chanc'd not long ago, as I was walking,
An eccho did bring me where two were a talking :
'Twas a man said to his wife, die had I rather,
Than to be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather,

Then presently she reply'd, Sweet, art thou jealous ?
Thou canst not play *Vulcan* before I play *Venus* :
Thy fancies are foolish, such follies to gather :
There's many an honest man has worn the Bulls Fea-
(ther.

Though h

Merry Drollerie. 83

Though it be invifible, let no man it fcorn,
Though it be a new feather made of an old horn,
He that difdains it in heart or mind either
May be the more fubject to wear the Bulls Feather,

He that lives discontent, or in defpair,
And feareth false meafure, becaufe his wife's fair :
His thoughts are inconstant, much like winter-we-
(ther,
Though one or two want it, he fhall have a Feather.

Bulls Feathers are common as *Ergo* in Schools,
And only contemned by thofe that are fools :
Why fhould a Bulls Feather caufe any uneaf, '
Since neighbours fare alwaies is counted the beft ?

Thofe women wh^e are faireft, are likely to give it ;
And husbands that have them, are apt to believe it.
Some men though their wives fhould feem for to
(tedder,
They would play the kind neighbour, and give the
(Bulls feather.

Why fhould we repine that our wives are fo kind,
Since we that are husbands are off the fame mind ?
Shall we give them feathers, and think to go free ?
Beleeve it, beleeve it, that hardly will be.

For he that difdains my Bulls feather to day,
May light of a Lafs that will play him foul play, (ther,
There's ne'r a proud gallant that treads on Cows lea-
But he may be cornuted, and wear the Bulls feather.

Though Beer of that brewing I never did drink,
Yet be not difpleas'd if I fpeak what I think,

84 *The Second Part of*

Scarce ten in a hundred, believe it, believe it,
But either they'l have it, or else they will give it.

Then let me advise all those that do pine,
For fear that false jealousie shorten their time :
That disease will torment them worse than any fever:
Then let all be contented to wear the buls feather.

old England turned New.

You talk of *New-England*, I truly believe
Old *England* is grown new, and doth us deceive,
I'll ask you a question or two, by your leave,
And is not old *England* grown new ?

Where are your old Souldiers with slashes and skars,
That never used drinking in no time of wars,
Nor shedding of bloud in mad drunken jars?
And is not, &c.

New Captains are come that never did fight,
But with Pots in the day, and Punks in the Night,
And all their chief care is to keep their swords bright,
And is not, &c.

Where are your old swords, your bills, and your bows,
Your Bucklers and Targets that never feared blows ?
They are turned to Steelettoes, with other fair shews,
And is not, &c.

Where are your old Courtiers, that used to ride
With forty blew-coats and footmen beside ?
They are turned to six horses a coach with a guide,
And is not, &c. And

Merry Drollerie. 85

And what is become of your old fashion Cloaths,
Your long-sided breeches, and your trunk hose?
They are turned to new fashions, but what, the Lord
And is not, &c. (knows,

Your Gallant and his Taylor some half year together,
To fit a new suit to a new hat and feather,
Of Gold, or of Silver, silk, cloath, stuff, or leather,
And is not, &c.

(locks,
We have new fashion'd beards, and new fashion'd
And new fashion'd hats for your new pared blocks,
And more new diseases besides the French pox,
And is not, &c.

New houses are built, and the old ones pull'd down,
Untill the new houses sell all the old ground,
And then the house stands like a horse in the pound,
And is not, &c.

New fashions in houses, new fashions at table,
The old servants discharged, the new are more able,
And every old custome is but an old fable,
And is not, &c.

New trickings, new goings, new measures, new paces,
New heads for your men, for your women new faces,
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases,
And is not, &c.

New tricks in the Law, new tricks in the hold,
New bodies they have, they look for new souls
When the money is paid for building old *Pauls*,
And is not, &c.

86 *The Second Part of*

Then talk you no more of *New-England*,
New-England is where *Old England* did stand,
New furnish'd, new fashion'd, new woman'd, new
And is not *Old England* grown *New*. (man'd;

A merry Song.

Come Drawer, turn about the bowle
Till every soul has made a scrowle
As long as his arm :
Again, my boy, be filling still
Till every will has had his fill,
'Twill keep us from harm :
For he that is copious, and doth freight with Sack,
Has the world at will, and doth nothing lack ;
He's richest then can drink off a Tun,
The bravest men that are under the Sun ;
Now the world is so giddy, that it scarce knows
To smell out the truth now it has lost its nose :
That has left behind a pitiful case,
It smells, you'll find, in every place.

Then since he is happiest that drinks the most,
Joy, call mine Host, that honest tost,
He shall have his share ;
For interest we'll give him drink,
Now wine is chink, yet let him think
Our dealing is faire ;
For I'll mainrain his reckoning's good,
Though we had drunk on tick since *Noah's flood* ,
We'll clear it all in *Platoes year* ,
You'll hear we shall be *Catoes* there :

Then

Merry Drollerie. 87

Then he's an ass will spare for Chalk
To purchase Sack ; what e'r you talk,
He's not great ,nor rich,nor wise.
An errant Cheat does Wine despise.

A Scottish Covenant we'll take
To burn at stake,if not forsake
The old heresie
Of bowzing to a petticoat,
If healths of note we could not vote
Past any she ,
They are but blazes,and soon are gone,
Fine trifles for us to play upon ;
When we have nought,or little to do,
We'll have 'um brought,and tickle 'um too :
Mean time let us drink a carrouse to those
Who are neither the French nor the Spaniards foes,
For all our treasure is there in their Mines,
There's no pleasure here but in their wines.

The Contented.

PRay,why should any man complain,
Or why disturb his breast or brain
At this new alteration ?
Since that which has been done's no more
Than what has oft been done before,
And that which will be done again,
As long as there are ambitious men,
That strive for domination.

In this mad age there's nothing firm,
All things have period,and their term,

88 *The Second Part of*

Their rise and declinations ;
Those gaudy nothings we admire,
Which get above and shine like fire,
Are empty vapours raised from ground,
Their mock-shine past their quickly down,
Must fall like exhalation,

But still we Commons must be made
A gull'd, a lame, thin hackney Jade,
And all by turns will ride us ;
This side, or that, no matter which,
For both do ride with spur and switch,
Till we are tired, and then at last
We stumble, and our riders cast,
'Cause they'd not feed nor guide us.

The insulting Clergy quite mistook,
Thinking that Kingdoms past by book,
Or Crowns were got by prating ;
'Tis not the black coat, but the red,
Has power to make, or be the head ;
Nor is it oaths, nor words, nor tears,
But Musquets and full Bindeleers
Have power of legislating.

The Lawyers must lay by their books,
And study *Monck* much more than *Cookes* ;
The Sword is the Learned Pleader,
Reports and Judgments will not do't,
But 'tis Dragoons and Horse and Foot ;
Words are but wind, but Swords come home,
A stout tongued Lawyer is but a mome, |
Compared to a stout file-leader.

Such

Merry Drollerie. 99

Such wit and valour root all things,
They pull down, and they set up Kings,
All Law is in their bosoms ;
That side is alwaies right that's strong,
And that that's beaten must be wrong :
And he that thinks it is not so,
Unless he's sure to beat 'um too,
He's but a fool to oppose 'um,

Let them impose taxes and rates,
'Tis but on them that have estates,
Not such as thou and I are :
But it concerns those worldlings which
At least are made, or else grow rich,
Such as have studied all their daies
The saving and the thriving waies,
To be the Mules of power.

If they'l reform the Church or State,
We'll ne'r be troubled much thereat :
Let each man take his opinion,
If we don't like the Church, you know
Taverns are free, and there we'll go ;
And if every one will be
As clearly unconcern'd as we,
They'l ne'r fight for domination.

The

90 *The Second Part of*

The Indifferent.

VVhat an Afs is he
Waits a womans leisure
For a minutes pleasure,
And perhaps may be
Gull'd at last, and lose her,
What an afs is he?

Shall I sigh and die
'Cause a maid denies me,
And that she may try me,
Suffer patiently?
O no! Fate shall tye me
To such cruelty.

Love is all my life,
For it keeps me doing:
Yet my love and wooing
Is not for a Wife:
It is good eschewing
Warring, care, and strife.

What need I to care
For a womans favour?
If another have her,
Why should I despair,
VVhen for gold and labour
I can have my share.

If I fancy one,
And that one do love me,

Yet

Merry Drollerie. 91

Yet deny to prove me,
Farewel, I am gone.
She can never move me,
Farewel, I am gone.

If I chance to see
One that's brown, I love her,
Till I see another
That is browner than she,
For I am a lover
Of my liberty.

Every day I change,
And at once love many,
Yet not tied to any,
For I love to range,
And if one should stay me,
I should think it strange.

What though she be old,
So that she have riches,
Youth and Form bewitches,
But 'tis store of Gold
Cures lascivious itches,
So the Criticks hold.

A West-country Mans Voyage to New-England:

MY Masters give audience, and listen to me,
And streight che will tell you where che have
be:

Che have been in *New-England*, but now cham come
o're,

Itch do think they shall catch me go thither no more.
Before

92 *The Second Part of*

Before che went o'r, Lord how voke did tell
How vishes did grow, and how birds did dwell
All one mong, t'other in the wood and the water,
Che thought had been true, but che find no such mar-
(ter.

When first che did land che mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all daies on a Satterday night,
Che wondred to see the strong building were there,
'Twas all like the standing at *Bartholmew Fair*.

Well, that night che slept till near Prayer time,
Next morning che wondred to hear no bells chime,
And when che had ask'd the reason, che found
'Twas because there was never a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned to Church to repair,
Where che did think certain che sho'd hear some
prayer,
But the Parson there no such matter did teach,
They scorn'd to pray, they were all able to preach.

The virst thing they did, a Zalm they did sing,
I pluckt out my Zalm book, which with me did bring,
Che was troubled to seek him, 'cause they call him by
name,
But they had got a new Song to the tune of the same.

When Sermon was done was a Child to baptize
About sixteen years old, as volk did surmise,
And no Godfather or Godmother, yet 'twas quiet
and still,
The Priest durst not crosse him for fear of his ill will.

Merry Drollerie. 93

A Sirra, quoth I, and to dinner che went,
And gave the Lord thanks for what he had sent ;
Next day was a wedding, the brideman, my friend,
He kindly invites me, so thither I wend.

But this, above all, to me wonder did bring,
To see a Magistrate marry, and had ne'r a ring ;
Che thought they would call me the woman to give,
But che thiek he stole her, for he askt no man leave.

Now this was new *Dorchester* as they told me,
A Town very famous in all that Country ;
They said 'twas new building, I grant it is true,
Yet me thinks old *Dorchester* as fine as the new.

Che staid there among them till che was weary at
heart ;

At length there came shipping, che got leave to
depart :

But when all was ended che was coming away,
Che had threescore shillings for swearing to pay.

But when che saw that, an oath more che swore,
Che would stay no more longer to swear on the score,
Che bid farewell to those Fowlers and Fishers,
So God blefs old *England* and all his well wisher.

94 *The Second Part of*

A medicine for the Quartan Ague.

THe Aphorisms of *Galen* I count but as straws,
Profound Pispot-peepers be you all mute,
The old quartan feaver breaks all Physick-Laws,
To help to cure it I think it is boot :
Perusing of late a wormeaten book,
Brought hither from *Cynthia* down in *Charles's* wain;
A curious Medicine out thence I took,
To cure the quartan Feaver again.

First choose a Phyfitian that will not exceed
Probatum est, speaking more than he knows,
Who hath more skill in his tongue than his head ;
Who his Potions on Patients *gratis* bellows,
Three Midsummer moons in one, let him pray
To *Apollo*, and the Moon being full in the wane,
And *Scola Selerna* twice backward to say,
And it will cure the quartan Feaver again.

His Patients water then let him cast
In a pure Urinal of old *August* Ice,
And diet him strictly, no grois meats to eat,
But feed him with fancies, and antick device,
To walk every morning some eight miles or more,
Before *Phæbus* rises, in the sunshine,
And before he be up to be seen without door,
And 'twill cure, &c.

Then let him take from him nine drops and a half
Of purified bloud, but pierce not the skin,
Only open a vain in the heel of the calf,
Some half a year before the fit do begin ;

To

Merry Drollerie. 95

To sweat eleven minutes in an Oven let him lye,
Heat with a North wind, and a shower of rain,
And sleep every night with one half of an eye,
And it will cure, &c.

To keep his body alwaies soluble and loose,
That he shall never fear to be subje& to be bound,
Let him drink Woodcocks water in the quill of a
Goose,
And alwaies untrufs when he goes to ground;
Thus being prepared, let the Doctor proceed
With all other ingredients to conquer his pain,
And profess more Art than ere he did read,
To cure the quartan, &c.

Then let him take the wind of the wing of a Crane,
As he flies over *Caucasus* hill,
With the precious stone was in *Gyges* his Ring,
Mix these with three turns of an honest Windmil,
Boyl these all together from a pint to a quart
In a Travellers mouth whose tongue cannot feigne,
And having new din'd give him this next his heart,
And 'twill cure, &c.

Then three handful take of Popes holy shadow,
When *Sol* is new entred into the dog-daies,
Three skreeches of an Owl, four kaws of a Jackdaw,
With the brains and the heads of three ninepenny
Fry these together within a meal-five, (nailes,
With the sweat of the south-side of a French bean,
And this to his Patient Morn and Even let him give,
And 'twill cure, &c.

Take

96 *The Second Part of*

Take three merry thoughts of a Bride the first night
She's to lye with her Groom, to purge melancholly,
Three gingles of the silver spur of a field Knight,
Four Puritan faces, not counterfeited holy,
Take three youthful capers of an old Oxe,
And thorough a joynd stool them let him strain,
And then drink the juyce thorough the tail of a Fox,
And it will cure, &c.

Moreover, because I strive to be brief,
Take three honest thrums of a weavers shuttle,
Three snips of a Taylors sheers that's no thief,
A cut-purses thumb, with his horn and his whistle,
The mind of a Miller that ne'r took a corn
More than his due in grinding of grain,
Burn these all together with Jeeny red stalks,
And 'twill cure, &c.

And lastly, this counsel my old Author gives,
Take the blood of a Beetle in the ayre as she flies,
Who, like a Physitian, of excrement lives,
And therewith let E npericks annoynt his quick eyes;
This being practised, he shall see soon
All natural mysteries perfect and plain,
And know as much Physick as the man in the Moon
To cure the quartan feaver again.

A Catch.

NOW I am married, Sir *John* I'll not curse,
He joyn's us together for better, for worse;
But if I were single I tell you plain,
I would be advised ere I marri'd again.

Of Levelling.

I Have reason to fly thee, & not to sit down by thee,
For I hate to behold one so sawcy and bold,
That derides and contemns his Superiours;

Your Madams and Lords,
With such manerly words,
With gestures that be
Fit for our degree
Are things that we and you
Do claim as our due

From all those that are our inferiours, (know,

For from the beginning there were Princes we

'Tis your Levellers do hate 'cause they cannot be so.

All titles of honour were at first in the Donors,
But being granted away by that persons stay,
Where he wore a small soul or a bigger,

There's a necessity
That there should be a degree,
Though *Dick*, *Tom*, and *Jack*
Will serve you and your pack,
Where 'tis due we'll afford
A *Sir John*, or my Lord,

Honest *Dick's* name is enough for a digger;

He that hath a strong purse may all things be, & do,
Be valiant, and wise, and religious too.

We have cause to adore that man that hath store
Though a boor or a sot, there's something to be got
Though he be neither honest nor witty,

98 *The Second Part, of*

Make him high, let him rule,
 He'll be playing the fool,
 And transgress, then we'll squeeze
 Him for fines and for fees,
 And so we shall gain
 By the vanities of his brain,
 'Tis the fools Cap that maintains the City ;
 If honour be but air, 'tis in common, and as fit
 For the Fool, or the clown, as the Champion or wit.

Then why may not we be of a different degree,
 And each man aspire to be greater and higher
 Than his wiser or honester brother,
 Since Fortune and Nature
 Their favours do scatter,
 This hath Valour, that Wit
 To his wealth, nor is it fit
 That one should have all,
 For then what would befall

He that is born nor to one nor the other ? (chattel,
 Though honor were a prize from at first, now it's a
 And as meer hunttable now as your ware, lands, or
 (cattle.

But in this we agree to live quiet and free,
 To drink Sack and submit, and not shew your wit
 By your prating, but silence and thinking ;
 Let the Presbyter Jews
 Read Diurnals and News,
 And lard their discourse
 With a Covenant that's worse ;
 That which pleaseth me best
 Is a Song or a Jest,

And

Merry Drollerie. 99

And my obedience I'll shew it by my drinking;
All the name I desire is an honest good Fellow,
And that man hath no worth that won't some-
(times be mellow.

In praise of his Mistrisses Beauty.

I Have the fairest *non-perel*,
The fairest that ever was seen,
And had not *Venus* been in the way,
She had been Beauties Queen.

Her lovely looks, her comly grace,
I will describe at large;
God *Cupid* put her in his books,
And of this Jem took charge.

The *Gracian Helen* was a Moore,
Compar'd to my deer Saint,
And fair fac'd *Syrens* beauty poor,
And yet she doth not paint.
Andromeda, whom *Perseus* lov'd,
Was foul were she in sight,
Her lineaments so well approv'd,
In praise of her I'll write.

Her hair not like the golden wyre,
But black as any Crow,
Her brows so beetl'd all admire,
Her forehead wondrous low.

Her squinting, staring, gogling eyes
Poor Children do affright,

H 2

Her

100 The Second Part of

Her nose is of the Sarasens size ;
O she's a matchless wight.

Her Oven-mouth wide open stands,
And teeth like rotten pease,
Her Swan-like neck my heart commands,
And breasts all bit with Fleas.

Her tawny dugs, like two great hills,
Hang sow-like to her waste,
Her body huge, like two wind-mills,
And yet shee's wondrous chaste.

Her shoulders of so large a breadth,
She'd make an excellent Porter,
And yet her belly carries most,
If any man could sort her.

No Shoulder of Mutton like her hand ,
For broadness, thick and far,
With a pocky Mange upon her wrist :
Oh *Love* ! how love I that ?

Her belly Tun-like to behold,
Her bush doth all excell,
The thing that, by all men extoll'd,
Is wider than a well.

Her brawny buttocks, plump and round,
Much like a Horse of War,
With speckled thighs, scab'd and scarce sound;
Her knees like Bakers are.

Her

Merry Drollerie. 101

Her legs are like the Elephants,
The calf and small both one,
Her ankles they together meet,
And still knock bone to bone.

Her pretty feet not 'bove fiftreens,
So splay'd as never was,
An excellent Usher for a man
That walks the dewy grass,

Thus have you heard my Mistress prais'd,
And yet no flattery us'd,
Pray tell me, is she not of worth?
Let her not be abus'd.

If any to her have a mind,
He doth me wondrous wrong,
For as she's beautiful, so she's chaste,
And thus concludes my Song.

Sensual Delight.

ARe you grown so melancholly,
That you think of nought but folly?
Are you sad, are you mad, are you worse,
Do you think want of Chinck is your curse?
Do you love for to have longer life, or a grave?
Then this will cure you.

First, I would have a bag of Gold,
That should ten thousand pieces hold,
And all that in your lap would I pour
For to spend on your friend or your whore,

102 *The Second Part of*

For to play away a dice, or to shift you from your lice
And this will cure you.

Next I would have a soft bed made,
Wherein a Virgin should be laid
That will play any way you devise,
That will stick like an itch to your thighs,
That will bill like a dove, lie beneath or above,
And this will cure you.

Next the bowl that *Jove* devine
Drunk Nectar in, fill'd up with wine,
And all that, like a Greek, you should quaff
Till your cheeks they look red, and you laugh,
Unto *Ceres*, and to *Venus*, unto *Bacchus* and *Selenus*,
And this will cure you.

Next seven Eunuchs should appear
Singing in spheare-like manner here
In the praise of the wages of delight,
Venus can use with man in the night,
When she seemeth to adorn *Vulcanus* head with a
And this will cure you. ho.

But if no gold nor women can,
Nor wine, nor Song make merry man,
Let the Batt be your mate and the Owle,
Let the pain in the brain make you howl;
Let the Pox be your friend, and the Plague be your
And this will cure you. (end.

Non

New England described.

Among the purifidian Sect,
I mean the counterfeite Elect :
Zealous bankrupts, Punks devour,
Preachers suspended, rabble rout,
Let them sell all, and out of hand
Prepare to go to *New England*,
To build new *Babel* strong and sure,
Now call'd a Church unspotted pure.

There Milk from Springs, like Rivers, flows,
And Honey upon hawthorn grows;
Hemp, Wool, and Flax there grows on trees.
The mould is fat, it cuts like cheese ;
All fruits and herbs spring in the fields,
Tobacco it good plenty yields ;
And there shall be a Church most pure,
Where you may find salvation sure.

There's Venison of all sorts great store,
Both Stag, and buck, wild Goar, and Boar,
And all so tame, that you with ease
May take your fill, eat what you please ;
There's Beavers plenty, yea, so many,
That you may buy two skins a penny,
Above all this, a Church most pure,
Where to be saved you may be sure.

There's flight of Fowl do cloud the skie,
Great Turkeys of threescore pound weight,

104 *The Second Part of*

As big as Estriges, there Geese,
 With thanks, are sold for pence a piece ;
 Of Duck and Mallard, Widgeon, Teale ,
 Twenty for two-pence make a meale ;
 Yea, and a Church unspotted pure,
 Within whose bosome all are sure.

Loe, there in shoals all sorts of fish,
 Of the salt seas, and water fresh :
 Ling, Cod, Poor-John, and Haberdine,
 Are taken with the Rod and Line ;
 A painful fisher on the shore
 May take at least twenty an houre ;
 Besides all this a Church most pure,
 Where you may live and dye secure.

There twice a year all sorts of Grain
 Doth down from heaven, like hailstones, rain ;
 You ne'r shall need to sow nor plough,
 There's plenty of all things enough :
 Wine sweet and wholesome drops from trees,
 As clear as chrystal, without lees ;
 Yea, and a Church unspotted, pure,
 From dregs of Papistry secure.

No Feasts nor festival set daies
 Are here observed, the Lord be prais'd,
 Though not in Churches rich and strong,
 Yet where no Mass was ever Sung,
 The Bulls of *Bassan* ne'r met there
Surplice and *Cope* durst not appear ;
 Old Orders all they will abjure,
 This Church hath all things new and pure.

Merry Drollerie. 105

No discipline shall there be used,
The Law of Nature they have chused
All that the spirit seems to move
Each man may choose and so approve,
There's Government without command
There's unity without a band ;
A Synagogue unspotted pure,
Where lust and pleasure dwells secure.

Loe in this Church all shall be free
To Enjoy their Christian liberty ;
All things made common, void of strif ;
Each man may take anothers wife,
And keep a hundred maids, if need,
To multiply, increase, and breed,
Then is not this Foundation sure,
To build a Church unspotted, pure :

The native People, though yet wild,
Are altogether kind and mild,
And apt already, by report,
To live in this religious sort ;
Soon to conversion they'l be brought
When *Warrens Mariery* have wrought,
Who being sanctified and pure,
May by the Spirit them allure.

Let *Amsterdam* send forth her Brats,
Her Fugitives and Runnagates :
Let Bedlam, Newgate, and the Clink
Disgorge themselves into this sink ;
Let Bridewell and the stews be kept,
And all sent thither to be swept ;
So may our Church be cleans'd and pure,
Keep both it self and state secure.

The

106 *The Second Part of*

The insatiate Lover.

Come hither my own sweet duck,
And sit upon my knee,
That thou and I may truck
For thy Commodity,
If thou wilt be my honey,
Then I will be thine own,
Thou shalt not want for money
If thou wilt make it known;
With hey ho my honey,
My heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money
And amongst the jovial Crew.

I prethee leave thy scorning,
Which our true love beguiles,
Thy eyes are bright as morning,
The Sun shines in thy smiles,
Thy gesture is so prudent,
Thy language is so free,
That he is the best Student
Which can study thee;
With hey ho, &c.

The Merchant would refuse
His Indies and his Gold
If he thy love might chuse,
And have thy love in hold:
Thy beauty yields more pleasure
Than rich men keep in store,-

And

Merry Drollerie. 107

And he that hath such treasure
Never can be poor ;
With hey ho, &c.

The Lawyer would forsake
His wit and pleading strong :
The Ruler and Judge would take
Thy part were't right or wrong ;
Should men thy beauty see
Amongst the learned throngs,
Thy very eyes would be
Too hard for all their tongues ;
With hey ho, &c.

Thy kisses to thy friend
The Surgeons skill-out-strips,
For nothing can transcend
The balsome of thy Lips,
There is such vital power
Contained in thy breath,
That at the latter hour
'Twould raise a man from death ;
With hey, ho, &c.

Astronomers would not
Lye gazing in the skies
Had they thy beauty got,
No Stars shine like thine eyes ;
For he that may importune
Thy love to an embrace,
Can read no better fortune
Then what is in thy face.
With hey ho, &c.

The

108 *The Second Part of*

The Souldier would throw down
 His Pistols and Carbine,
 And freely would be bound
 To wear no arms but thine :
 If thou wert but engaged
 To meet him in the field,
 Though never so much enraged
 Thou couldest make him yield,
 With hey ho, &c.

The seamen would reject
 To sayl upon the Sea,
 And his good ship neglect
 To be aboard of thee :
 When thou liest on thy pillows
 He surely could not fail
 To make thy brest his billows,
 And to hoyft up sayl ;
 With hey ho, &c.

The greatest Kings alive
 Would wish thou wert their own,
 And every one would strive
 To make thy Lap their Throne,
 For thou hast all the merit
 That love and liking brings ;
 Besides a noble spirit
 Which may conquer Kings ;
 With hey ho, &c.

Were *Rosamond* on earth
 I surely would abhor her,
 Though ne'r so great by birth
 I should not change thee for her ;

Though

Merry Drollerie. 109

Though Kings and Queens are gallant,
And bear a royal sway,
The poor man hath his Talent,
And loves as well as they,
With hey ho, &c.

Then prethee come and kifs me,
And say thou art mine own,
I vow I would not misse thee
Nor for a Princes Throne;
Let love and I perswade thee
My gentle suit to hear:
If thou wilt be my Lady,
Then I will be thy dear;
With hey ho, &c.

I never will deceive thee,
But ever will be true,
Till death I shall not leave thee,
Or change thee for a new;
We'll live as mild as may be,
If thou wilt but agree,
And get a pretty baby
With a face like thee,
With hey ho, &c.

Let these perswasions move thee
Kindly to comply,
There's no man that can love thee
With so much zeal as I;
Do thou but yield me pleasure,
And take from me this pain,
I'll give thee all the Treasure
Horse and man can gain;
With hey ho, &c.

III *The Second Part of*

I'll fight in forty duels
To obtain thy grace,
I'll give thee precious jewels
Shall adorn thy face ;
E'r thou for want of money
Be to destruction hurl'd,
For to support my honey
I'll plunder all the world ;
With hey ho, &c.

That smile doth shew consenting,
Then prethee let's be gone,
There shall be no repenting
When the deed is done ;
My bloud and my affection,
My spirits strongly move,
Then let us for this action
Fly to yonder grove,
With hey ho, &c.

Let us lye down by those bushes
That are grown so high,
Where I will hide thy blushes ;
Here's no standers by
This seventh day of *July*,
Upon this bank we'll lye ,
Would all were, that love truly,
As close as thou and I ;
With hey ho my honey,
My heart shall never rue,
For I have been spending money
Amongst the jovial Crew.

A Catch.

NOW that the *Spring* hath fill'd our Veins
With kind and active fire,
And made green Liveries for the Plains.
And every Grove a Quire.

Sing we this Song with mirth and merry glee,
And *Bacchus* crown the Bowl,
And her's to thee, and thou to me
And every thirsty soul.

Shear sheep that have them, cry we still,
But see that none escape,
To take off his sherry, that makes us so merry
And plump as the lusty Grape.

The Huntsman.

OF all the sports the world doth yield,
Give me a pack of hounds in field,
Whose eccho sounds shrill through the sky,
Makes *Jove* admire our harmony,
And wish that he a mortal were,
To see such pleasures we have here.

Some do delight in Masks and plays,
And in *Diana's* Holy daies.
Let *Venus* act her chiefeft skill,
If I dislike I'll please my will;

And

112 *The Second Part of*

And choose such as will last,
And not to surfeit when I taste.

Then I will tell you a sent,
Where many a horse was almost spent,
In *Chadwel* Close a Hare we found,
That led us all a smoaking round ;
O'r hedge and ditch away she goes,
Admiring her approaching foes.

But when she felt her strength to waste,
She parleys with the hounds in haste.
The Hare. You gentle dogs forbear to kill
A harmless beatt that ne'r did ill :
And if your Masters sport do crave,
I'll lead a sent as they would have.

The Hounds. Away, away, thou art alone,
Make haste we say, and get thee gone ;
We'll give thee leave for half a mile,
To see if thou canst us beguile :
But then expect a thundering cry,
Made by us and our company.

The Hare. Then since you set my life so light,
I'll make Black lovely turn to White ;
And *York-shire* Gray, that runs at all,
I'll make him wish him in his stall ;
And Sorrel, he that seems to fly,
I'll make him sickly e're I die.

Let *Burham* Bay do what he can,
And *Barton* Gray, which now and then

Doth

Merry Drollerie. 115

Doth strive to winter up my way ;
I'll neither make him sit nor play.
And constant *Robin*, though he lie
At his advantage, what care I ?

But here *Kit Bolton* did me wrong,
As I was running all along ;
For with one pat he made me so,
That I went reeling too and fro :
Then, if I die your masters tell,
That fool did ring my passing-Bell.

But if your Masters pardon me,
I'll lead them all to *Throngabby* ;
Where constant *Robin* keeps a room
To welcome all the Guests that come,
To laugh, and quaff in Wine, and Beer,
A full Cirouze to their Career.

The Hounds. Away, away, since 'tis our nature
To kill thee, and no other Creature,
Our Masters they do want a bit,
And thou wilt well become the spit :
They eat the flesh, we pick the bone,
Make haſt, we ſay, and get thee gone.

The Hare. Your Masters may abate their cheer,
My meat is dry ; and Butter dear ;
And if with me they'd make a friend,
They had better give a puddings end :
Besides, once dead, then sport they'll lack,
And I muſt hang on th' Huntsman's back.

114 *The Second Part of*

The Hounds. Alas poor Hare we pity thee,
If with our nature 'twould agree,
But all thy doubling shifts we fear
Will not prevent thy death so near.
Then make thy Will for it may be that
May save thee ; else, we know not what.

The Hare's Then I do give my body free,
Will. - Unto your Masters courtesie ;
And if they'l spare till sport be scant,
I'll be their game, when they do want !
But when I'm dead each greedy hound
Will trail my entrails on the ground.

The Hounds. Were ever Dogs so basely crost ?
Our Masters call us off so fast,
That we the sent have almost lost ;
And they themselves must lose the roast,
Wherefore, kind *Hare* we pardon you :
The Hare. Thanks gentle *Hounds*, and so Adieu.

A Catch.

O The wily wily *Fox*, with his many wily mocks,
We'll Earth him if you'l but follow,
And now that we have done't, to conclude our merry
Let us roundly whoop and hollow : (hunt,
Prethee drink, prethee drink, prethee, prethee drink,
That the Hunters may all follow.

Merry Drollerie. 115

A Song.

She lay all naked in her bed,
And I my self lay by;
No Vail nor Curtain there was spread;
No Covering but I:
Her head upon one shoulder seeks
To hang in careless wise,
All full of blushes were her cheeks,
And wishes were her eyes.

Her blood lay flushing in her face,
As on a message came,
To say that in some other place
It meant some other Game;
Her nether Lip moist, plump, and fair,
Millions of kisses crown'd,
Which ripe and uncropt dangled there,
And weighed the branches down.

Her breasts, that lay swell'd full and high,
Bred pleasant pangs in me,
For all the world I did desire
For that felicity;
Her thighs and belly, soft and plump,
To me were only shewn:
To have seen such meat, and not to have eat,
Would have angered any one.

Her knees lay up, but stoutly bent,
And all was hollow under,
As if on easie terms they meant
To fall unforc'd asunder:

114 *The Second Part of*

Just so the *Cyprian* Queen did lye,
 Expecting in her bower ;
 When too long stay, had kept the boy
 Beyond his promised hour.

Dull Clown, quoth she, why dost delay
 Such proffered blis to take ?
 Canst thou find out no other way
 Similitudes to make?
 Mad with delight I thundred in,
 And threw mine arms about her,
 But a pox upon't 'twas but a dream,
 And so I lay without her.

The Answer.

SHe lay up to the Navel bare,
 As was a willing Lover,
 Expecting between hope and fear,
 When I would come and cover,
 Her hand beneath my waste-band slips,
 To grope in busie wise;
 Which caus'd a trembling in her Lips,
 And a shivering in her Eyes.

The bloud out of her face did go,
 As it on service went,
 To second what was gone before,
 When all its strength was spent.
 Her Cheeks and lips as Coral red,
 Like Roses were full blown :
 Which fading streight, the leaves were spread,
 And so the ——— comes down.

Her

Merry Drollerie. 119

Her breasts that then both panting were,
Such comfort wrought between us,
That all the world I dare to swear,
Would envy to have seen us.
Her belly and its provender,
For me was kept in store ;
Such news to hear, and not to have share,
Would have made a man a Whore.

Her legs were girt about my waste,
My hand under her Crupper,
As one would say, now break your fast,
And come again to supper :
Even as the God of War did knock,
As any other man will,
For haste of work, till twelve a Clock,
Kept *Vulcan* at his Anvil.

Mad Wag, quoth she, why dost thou make
Such haste thy self to rear ?
Dost thou not know that for thy sake,
The Fair lasts all the year ?
Quiet and calm-as are loves streams,
I threw my self about her,
But a pox upon true jests and dreams,
I had better have lain without her.

118 *The Second Part of*

A Catch.

CAll *George* again boy, call *George* again,
And for the love of *Bacchus* call *George* again.
George is a good boy, and draws us good wine,
Or fills us more Clarret our wits to refine;
George is a brave Lad, and an honest man,
If you will him know, he dwells at the *Swan*.

A Song.

POx take you Mistress I'll be gone,
I have friends to wait upon;
Think you I'll my self confine,
To your humours (Lady mine :)
No, your louting seems to say:
'Tis a rainy drinking day,
To the Tavern I'll away.

There have I a Mistress got,
Cloystered in a Pottle pot:
Brisk and sprightly as thine Eye,
When thy richest glances fly,
Plump AND bounding, lively, fair,
Bucksome soft, and debonair:
And she's call'd Sack, my DEAR.

Sack's my better Mistress far,
Sack's my only beauty-star;
Whose rich beams, and glorious raies,
Twinkle in each red rose and face:

Should

Merry Drollerie. 119

Should I all her vertues show,
Thou thy self wouldst love-sick prove,
AND she'd prove thy Mistress TOO.

She with no dart-scorn will blast me;
But upon thy bed can cast me;
Yet ne'r blush her self too red,
Nor fear of loss of Maiden-head:
And she can (the truth to say)
Spirits into me convey,
MORE than thou canst take AWAY.

Getting kisses here's no toyl,
Here's no Handkerchief to spoyl;
Yet I better Nectar sip,
Then dwell upon thy lip:
And though mute and still she be,
Quicker wit she brings to me,
THEN e'r I could find in THEE.

If I go, ne'r think to see
Any more a fool of me;
I'll no liberty up give,
Nor a Maudlin-like love live.
No, there's nought shall win me to'r,
'Tis not all thy smiles can do'r,
Nor thy Maiden-heat to BOOT,

Yet if thou'lt but take the pain
TO be good but once again;
If one smile then call me back,
THOU shalt be that Lady Sack:
Faith but try, and thou shalt see
What a loving Soul I'll be,
WHEN I am drunk with nought but thee.

The Answer.

I Pray thee, Drunkard, get thee gone,
Thy Mistres Sack doth smell too strong :
Think you I intend to wed,
A sloven to be-piss my bed ?
No, your staining me's to say,
You have been drinking all this day,
Go, be gone, away, away,

Where you have your Mistres Sack,
Which hath already spoil'd your back,
And methinks should be too hot,
To be cloystered in a pot.
Though you say she is so fair,
So lovely, and so debonair,
She is but of a yellow hair.

Sack's a whore which burns like fire,
Sack consumes and is a dryer ;
And her waies do only tend
To bring men unto their end :
Should I all her vices tell,
Her rovings and her swearings fell,
Thou wouldst dam her into Hell.

Sack with no durt scorns will blast thee,
But upon thy bed still cast thee :
And by that impudence doth shew,
That no vertue she doth know :
For she will, the truth to say,
Thy body in an hour decay,
More than I can in a day,

Though

Merry Drollerie. 123

Though for kisses there's no toy,
Yet your body she doth spoil :
Sipping Nectar whilst you sit,
She doth quite besot your wit :
Though she is mute, she'll make you loud :
Brawl and fight in every croud,
When your reason she doth cloud.

Nor do thou ever look to see
Any more a smile from me,
I'll no liberty, nor sign,
Which I truly may call mine.
No, no slight shall win me to't,
'Tis not all thy parts can do't,
Thy Person, nor thy Land to boot.

Yet if thou wilt take the pain,
To be sober once again,
And but make much of thy back,
I will be instead of Sack.
Faith but try, and thou shalt see,
What a loving Soul I'll be,
When thou art drunk with nought but me.

A Catch.

SHe that will eat her breakfast in her bed,
And spend the morn in dressing of her head,
And sit at dinner like a Maiden-Bride,
And nothing do all day, but talk of pride ;
Few of his mercy may do much to save her,
But what a case is he in that shall have her.

Sr. George

122 The Second Part of

St. George for England.

WHy should we boast of *Arthur* and his
Knights,
Knowing so many men have endured hot fights;
Besides King *Arthur*, and Sir *Lancelot du Lake*,
Sir *Tristram de Lionel*, that fought for Ladies sake,
Read old Histories, and then you shall see,
That St. *George*, St. *George* did make the Dragon flee;
St. *George* for England, St. *Dennis* for France,
Sing *Hony soit qui maly pense*.

Mark how Father *Abraham*, when first he rescu'd *Lot*,
Only by his household what conquest there they got;
David elected a Prophet and a King,
He slew great *Goliath* with a stone and a sling;
These were no Knights of the Table round,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon did confound;
St. *George*, &c.

Joshua and *Gideon* did lead their men to fight,
They conquered the *Amorites*, and put them to flight;
Hercules labour's upon the Plains of *Bass*,
And *Sampson* slew a thousand with the jaw bone of
Besides a goodly Temple there he did spoyl, (an ass,
But St. *George*, St. *George* the Dragon he did soyl;
St. *George*, &c.

The wars of the Monarchs they were too long to tell,
And next of all the Romans, for they did far excell,
When *Hannibal* and *Scipio* so many fields did fight,
Orlando Furioso was a worthy Knight;

Remus

Merry Drollerie. 123

Remus and *Romulus*, that first *Rome* did build,
But *St. George*, *St. George* did make the dragon yield,
St. George, &c.

Many have fought with proud *Tamberlain*,
And *Cutlax* the *Dane*, great wars did maintain,
Rowland, and *Bryan*, and good *Sr. Oliveer* ;
In the forrest of *Arden* there slew both *Bull* and *Bear*,
Beside the noble Hollander, *Sir Goward* with his *Bill*,
But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon's blood did spill;
St. George, &c.

Bevis conquered *Askupart*, and after slew the bore,
And then he crost beyond the seas
To combate with a Moor ,
Sir Isingbrass and *Egelman* they were Knights bold,
And good *Sr John Mandevil* of travels much have told,
These were all English Knights that Pagans did con-
But *St. George*, &c. pluckt out the Dragons heart. (vert,
St. George, &c.

The noble *Alphonso*, that was the Spanish King,
The order of the red scarfs, and bedrowl he did bring,
He had a troop of mighty Knights when first he did
begin,
That fought adventures far and nigh what conquest
they might win ,
The ranks of the Pagans full oft he put to flight,
But *St. George*, *St. George* did with the Dragon fight ;
St. George, &c.

The

122 The Second Part of

The noble Earl of *Warwick*, that called was Sir *Guy*,
 The Infidels and Pagans much he did defie,
 He slew the Giant *Brandemoor*, & after was the death
 Of the most gaffly dun Cow, the devil of *Dunsmore*
 heath,
 Besides other noble Deeds he did beyond the seas,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did appease;
St. George, &c.

Valentine and *Orson* of King *Pipins* blood,
Alfred and *Henry* they were Knights good;
 The four Sons of *Amon* that fought for *Charlemain*,
 Sir *Hugh de Bourdeaux*, and *Godfrey de Bullaign*,
 These were all french Knights that lived in that age,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did assuage;
St. George, &c.

When at the first *K. Richard* was King of this Land,
 He gorged a Lyon with his naked hand;
 The noble Duke of *Austria* nothing he did fear,
 He killed his Son with a box on the ear,
 Besides other noble deeds done in the holy-Land,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon did withstand;
St. George, &c.

When as the third King *Edward* had conquered all
France,
 He quartered their Arms his honour to advance,
 He ransack'd their Cities, threw their Castles down,
 And garnished his head with a double double Crown,
 He thumped the *French*, & homeward then he came,
 But *St. George*, *St. George* the Dragon he did tame;
St. George, &c.

St. David of *Wales* did the Welchmen much advance,
St. James for *Spain*, that never yet broke Lance,
St. Pa-

Merry Drollerie. 127

St. Patrick for Ireland, that was St. Georges Boy,
Seven years he kept his horse, & then stole him away,
For which filthy act a slave he doth remain,
But St. George, St. George the Dragon he hath slain;
St. George for England, St. Denis for France,
Sing *Hony soit qui mal y pense.*

Arthur of Bradly.

S'Aw you not *Pierce* the Piper,
His Cheeks as big as a Myter,
Piping among the Swains,
That's down in yonder Plains :
Where *Tib* and *Tom* doth tread it,
And Youths the hornpipe lead it,
With every one his carriage
To go to yonder Marriage,
For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*,
O brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, O fine *Arthur* of *Bradly*
O brave *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh.

Arthur hath gotten a Lads,
A bonnier never was ;
The chieftest youths in the Parish
Come dancing in a *Morris*,
With Country Gambols flouncing,
Country Wenches trouncing,
Dancing with mickle pride,
Every man his wench by his side,
For the honour of *Arthur*, &c.

And when that *Arthur* was married,
And his Wife home had carried ;

The

126 *The Second Part of*

But when that *Arthur* was married,
And his Bride home had carried ;
The Youngsters they did wait
To help to carry up meat :
Francis carried the Furnery,
Michael carried the Mince-pye,
Bartholomew the Beef and the Mustard,
And *Christopher* carried the Custard,
Thus every one went in this Ray,
For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

But when that Dinner was ended,
The Maidens they were befriended ;
For out stept *Dick* the Draper,
And he bid pipe up scraper ;
Better be dancing a little,
Then into the Town to tipple ;
He bid him play him a Horn-pipe,
That goes fine of the Bagpipe :
Then forward Piper, and play
For the honour of *Arthur* of *Bradly*, Oh fine, &c.

Then *Richard* he did lead it,
And *Margery* she did tread it ;
Francis followed then,
And after courteous *Jane* :
And every one after another,
As if they had been sister and brother,
That 'twas a great sight to see
How well they did agree,
And then they all did say,
Hay for *Arthur* of *Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

When

Merry Drollerie. 127

When all the Swains did see
This mirth and merry glee,
There was never a man did flinch,
But every man kist his Wench;
But *Giles* was greedy of gain,
And he would needs kifs twain;
His Lover, seeing that,
Did rap him on the pate,
That he had not one word to say
For the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

The Piper look'd aside,
And there he spide the Bride;
He thought it was a hard chance
That none would lead her a dance:
For never a man durst touch her,
But only *Will*.the Butcher;
He took her by the hand
And danc'd whilst he could stand;
The Bride was fine and gay,
For the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

Then out stept *Will*.the Weaver,
And he swore he'd not leave her;
He hopt it all of a Leg,
For the honour of his *Peg*,
But *Kester* in *Cambrick* Ruffe,
He took that in snuff:
For he against that day
Had made himself fine and gay;
His Ruff was whipt over with blew,
He cried a new dance, a new;
Then forward Piper and play,
For the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.
Then

126 *The Second Part of*

Then gan the Sun decline,
 And every one thought it time
 To go unto his home,
 And leave the Bridegroom alone.
 To't, to't, quoth lusty Ned,
 We'll see them both in bed:
 For I will jeopard a joynt
 But I will get his codpiece point:
 Then strike up Piper and play,
 For the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

And thus the day was spent,
 And no man homeward went,
 That there was such crouding and thrusting,
 That some were in danger of bursting,
 To see them go to bed:
 For all the skill they had,
 He was got to his Bride,
 And laid him close by her side,
 They got his Points and Garters,
 And cut them in peeces like quarters;
 And then they bid the Piper play,
 For the honour of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh fine, &c.

Then *Will.* and his sweet heart
 Did call for *Loath to depart*,
 And then they did foot it and tosse it,
 Till the Cook had brought up the posset,
 The Bride-pye was brought forth,
 A thing of mickle worth,
 And so all at the bed-side
 Took leave of *Arthur* and his Bride,
 And so they went all away
 From the wedding of *Arthur of Bradley*, Oh, &c.

A Catch.

THere was three Cooks in *Colebrook*,
And they fell out with our Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took;
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.
There was swash Cook, and slash Cook,
And thy Nose in my Narse Cook,
And all was for a pudding he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.
Then they fell all upon our Cook,
And mumbled him so, that he did look
As black as the pudding which that he took,
And from the Cook of *Colebrook*.

The Blacksmith.

Of all the Sciences beneath the Sun,
Which hath been since the World begun;
The Smith by his Art great praise hath won;
Which no body can deny.

The fairest Goddess in the skies
To marry with him she did devise,
That was a cunning Smith and wife;
Which no body, &c.

Then *Mars* came down for *Venus* sake;
The Smith he did his armour make;
In love together he did them take,
Which no body, &c.

130 *The Second Part of*

The first that ever Musick made
Was *Tubal* of the Blacksmiths Trade,
By hammering strokes as it was said,
Which no body, &c.

He did invent continually
The Iron work for the Country,
A Smith for mirth and husbandry,
Which no body, &c.

What Occupation can you name,
But first the Smith must help the same,
With working tools their work to frame?
Which no body, &c.

What horse can post to carry news,
But first the Smith sets on his shoes,
With Spur and Stirrop for mens use?
Which no body, &c.

What Ship upon the Sea can fail,
If Iron work in her do fail,
Though Anchor hold 'twill not prevail?
Which no body, &c.

What can you build with lime or stone
If Iron-work therein be none?
Smiths make for houses many a one,
Which no body, &c.

How can you go to Plough or Cart,
Except the Smith do play his part,
With Coulter and Shaire made well by Art,
Which no body, &c.

The

Merry Drollerie. 131

The Axeltree Pin, the plowing Chain,
The Bill, the Axe, the Wedges twain;
The Pitchfork, and the Dung-fork plain,
Which no body, &c.

The Butchers Axe, the Shooe-makers Awl;
The cutting knives on every stall,
That lies to cut and carve withall,
Which no body, &c.

The Coopers Adds, the Brewers Slings,
The Carpenters Tools for many things,
The plyers for the Goldsmiths Rings,
Which no body, &c.

Your Tongues, your Spits, Trevits, and Racks,
And many other things that lacks,
And for your houses pretty Knacks,
Which no body, &c.

Weights and Scales to buy and sell,
A thousand things I need not tell,
The Smith hath march'd all things so well,
Which no body, &c.

I could rehearse a thousand things,
Of iron Bars, Bolts, and Pins,
Latches, Catches, Staples, Rings,
Which no body, &c.

He makes all several kinds of Locks,
For horses, for doors, for Chest, for Box,
For houses, and for Churches Clocks,
Which no body, &c.

132 *The Second Part of*

Your fire-Irons, small and great,
Your pothooks, and forks so fine and neat,
Your Jack that turns your spits of mear,
Which no body, &c.

Your Paviours Pickax, great and small,
Your Pattens for women, low and tall;
Your Shovel and Spade to work withall,
Which no body, &c.

Your branding Iron to brand your Kine,
Your Clappers for Bells to ring and chime,
Your Stamps for Gold and Silver fine,
Which no body, &c.

The horses Bits, that finely gingle,
The Barbers Tools, that is so nimble,
The Taylors sheer, his bodkin and thimble,
Which no body, &c.

And for all weapons for the fight
The Smith I am sure makes such a fight,
So long, so strong, so fair, so bright,
Which no body, &c.

Bills, Pikes, Dags, and Guns,
Halberds, Spears, and many things,
Through the hammer of the Smith all come,
Which no body, &c.

To love the Smith all Trades are bound,
Which make him thus to be renown'd,
For which his hammers they are crown'd,
Which no body, &c.

Merry Drollerie. 133

Of Smiths now living at this hour,
There was a Smith within the Tower
Which might be counted for a flower,
Which no body, &c.

Thus of my Song I make an end,
The Smith is every bodies friend,
He seeks his Country to defend,
Which no body can deny.

A North Country Song.

VHen Ise came first to *London Town*,
Ise wor a Novice, as other men are ;
Ise thought the King had liv'd at the Crown,
And the way tol heaven had been through the star.

Ise set up my horse, and Ise went to *Pauls*,
Good Lord, quo h I. what a Kirk been here ?
Then Ise did sweer by all Kerson souls,
It wor a mile long, or very near.

It wor as high as any *Hill*,
A Hill, quo I, nay as a *Mountain*,
Then went Ise up with a very good will,
But glad wor I to come down agin.

For as Ise went up my head roe round,
Then be it known to all Kerson people,
A mans is no little way fro the ground,
When he's o'th' top of all *Pauls* steeple.

134 *The Second Part of*

Ife lay down my hor, and Ife went to pray,
But wor not this a pitious case,
Afore I had done it wor stolen away,
Who'd have thought theeves had been in that place?

Now for my Hor Ife made great moan,
A stander by unto me said,
Thou didst not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watcht, as well as pray'd.

From thence Ife went, and I saw my Lord Mayor,
Good lack what a fight was there to see,
My Lord and his horse were both of a hair,
I could not tell which the Mare should be.

From thence to *Westminster* I went,
Where many a brave Lawyer I did see,
Some of them had a bad intent,
For there my purse was stoln from me.

To see the Tombs was my desire,
I went with many brave fellows store
I gave them a penny that was their hire,
And he's but a fool that will give any more.

Then through the rooms the fellow me led,
Where all the fights were to be seen,
And snuffling told me through the nose,
What formerly the name of those had been.

Here lyes, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly'st like a knave, he saies never a word;
And here lies *Richard* the Second interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edwards* Sword.

Under

Merry Drollerie. 135

Under this Chair lyes *Jacobs* stone,
The very same stone lies under the Chair,
A very good jett, had *Jacob* but one,
How got he so many Sons without a pair?

I staid not there, but down with the tide
I made great haste, and I went my way;
For I was to see the Lions beside,
And the Paris-garden all in a day.

When Ise came there, I was in a rage,
I rayl'd on him that kept the Bears,
Instead of a Stake was suffered a Stage,
And in Hunkes his house a crue of Players.

Then through the Brigg to the Tower Ise went,
With much ado Ise entred in,
And after a penny that I had spent,
One with a loud voice did thus begin.

This Lion's the Kings, and that is the Queens,
And this is the Princes that stands hereby,
With that I went neer to look in the Den,
Cods body, quoth he, why come you so nigh?

He made great haste unto my Inne,
I sup't, and I went to bed betimes,
Ise slept, and I dream'd what I had seen,
And wak'd again by Cheapside Chimes.

136 *The Second Part of*

The merry Goodfellow.

VVHy should we not laugh and be jolly,
Since all the World is mad?
And lull'd in a dull melancholly;
 He that wallows in store
 Is still gaping for more,
 And that makes him as poor,
As the wretch that ne'r any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd money-monger?
That to purchase to him and his heirs,
Grows shrivell'd with thirst and hunger;
 While we that are bonny,
 Buy Sack with ready-money,
And ne'r trouble the Scriveners, nor Lawyers.

Those guts that by scraping and toyling,
Do swell their Revenues so fast,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,
 But are marks of each tax,
 While they load their own backs
 With the heavier packs,
And lye down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose jaws are so hungry and gripple;
 We ne'r trouble our heads
 With Indentures or Deeds,
And our wills are compos'd in a word.

Our

Merry Drollerie. 137

Our money shall never indite us,
Nor drag us to Goldsmiths Hall,
No Pyrats nor wracks can affright us ;
 We, that have no Estates,
 Fear no plunder nor rates,
 We can sleep with open gates,
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the saviors ;
 For if thieves do break in,
 They go out empty agin,
Nay, the Plunderers lose their designs.

Then let us not think on to morrow,
But tittle and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow ;
 Those Cormorants which
 Are troubled with an itch,
 To be mighty and rich,
Do but toyl for the wealth which they borrow.

The Mayor of our Town with his Ruff on,
What a pox is he better than we ?
He must vail to the man with the Bvff on ;
 Though he Custard may ear,
 And such lubbardly meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merrier than he.

138 *The Second Part of*

The Rebels Reign.

NOW we are met in a knot, let's take t'other pot,
And chirp o'r a Cup of Nectar;
Let's think on a charm to keep us from harm,
From the Fiend, and the new Protector.

Hertofore at a brunt a Cross would have don't,
But now they have taken courses,
With their Laws and their theft, there's not a cross
In the Church, nor the Farmers Purses. (left

They're with you to bring for stuffing at a King,
For now you must make no dainty
To have your nose ground on a stone turned round
By *Noll*, and one and twenty.

But our Rights are kept for us in *Oliver's* store-house,
'Twere as good they were set in the Stocks:
They are just in the pickle in the thirtieth Article,
Like *Jack* in a Juglers box.

We are loath for to look for the Saints in a book,
But would not a man be vext,
To see them so rough with their blades and their buff,
But not a word on't in the Text.

We have been twelve years together by the ears
To prepare for a spiritual reign:
Men were never so spic'd with the Scepter of Christ
In the hands of a Saint in grain.

'Twas

Merry Drollerie. 139

'Twas brew'd in their Hives by Citizens wives,
Who ventured their husbands far,
With *Robin* the fool there was ne'r such a tool
To lead in the womens war.

He was ill at Command, but worse at a stand,
So they sought out another more able:
Then *Fair* undertakes, but *Nol* keeps the stakes,
And sends away *Fox* with a bauble.

Wil, Conqueror the second, without his host reckon'd,
And so did *Brown* billet his Mate:
They made a great noise 'mongst women and boys,
But now they are both out of date.

Cowardly *W*————— had but a foule Fortune,
And wanted a knife to scrape it,
When his Orophice ran, there was no mortal man,
But *omnibus horis sapi*.

Bradshaw, the Knave, sent the King to his grave,
And on the bloud Royal did trample,
For which the next *Lew* he was made President,
And ere long may be made an example.

Doriflaus did steer to *Hans* mine heer,
And *Askew* to *Don* at *Madril*,
Ere a man could have scratcht they were both dis-
Yet there they lye Leger still. (patchr,

Martin and *St. Johns*, and more with a vengeance,
Had each a finger i'th' pye:
Some for the money, and some for the Conny,
And some for they knew not why.

The

140 *The Second Part of*

The Parliament sate as snug as a Cat,
And were playing for mine and yours :
Sweep-stakes was their Game till *Oliver* came,
And turn'd it to knave out of doors.

Then a new one was cast, and made up in haste,
But alas they could do no more
Than empty our purse, and empty us worse
Than e'r we were married before.

But in a good hour they gave up their power
To one that was wiser than they ;
By common consent 'twas the first Parliament
That ever was *felo de se*.

After all this Jeer we are never the near,
There sits one at the helm commanding ;
One that doth us nick with a trick for our trick,
And the stone in our foot notwithstanding.

He'l not relax one groat of the Tax
Though it come to more than he need,
He may keep it in store till his need be more,
'Tis an Article of our new Creed.

So well he hath wrought, that now he hath brought
The Realm to the manner he meant it ;
The fishes, and the fowl, and the devil and all,
And the monthly pay his high rent.

All this we must bear, but 'twould make a man swear
When they call us a reformed Nation :
It can never sink into my head for to think
That this is a Reformation.

'Tis

Merry Drollerie. 141

'Tis the man in the Moon, or the devil as soon,
Our Laws are asleep upon shelves:
Our Charter & Freedom we may bid God speed'um,
'Tis well we can beg for our selves.

Since *Nol* hath bereft us, and nothing hath left us,
Not a horse or an Oxe to plough land,
Let *Oliver* pass, come fill up my glass,
And here's a good health to *Rowland*.

A Catch.

HAve you observ'd the wench in the street,
She's scarce any hose or shooes to her feet;
And when she cries, she sings,
I have hot Codlings, hot Codlings.

Or have you ever seen or heard
The Mortal with his Lyon tauny beard?
He lives as merrily as heart can wish,
And still he cries, Buy a brush, buy a brush.

Since these are merry, why should we take care?
Musicians, like Camelions, must live by the Aire;
Then let's be blithe and bonny, and no good meeting
balk,
What though we have no money, we shall find Chalk.

142 *The Second Part of*

A new Medley.

The English. **L** Et the Trumpet sound,
 And the Rocks rebound,
 Our English Native's coming ;
 Let the Nations swarm,
 And the Princes storm,
 We value not their drumming.
 'Tis not *France*, that looks so smug,
 Old fashions still renewing,
 It is not the *Spanish* shrug,
Scottish Cap, or *Irish* rug ;
 Nor the *Dutch-mans* double jug
 Can help what is ensuing ;
 Pray, my Masters, look about,
 For something is a Brewing.

He that is a Favorite consulting with Fortune,
 If he grow not wiser, then he's quite undone ;
 In a rising creature we daily see certainly,
 He is a retreater that fails to go on :

He that in a Builder's trade
 Strops e're the roof be made,
 By the air may be betray'd
 And overthrown :

He that hath a race begun,
 And lets the Goal be won ;
 He had better never run,
 But let 't alone.

Then plot rightly,
 March sightly,

Shew

Merry Drollerie. 143

Shew your glittering arms brightly :

Charge hightly,
Fight sprightly ;

Fortune gives renown.

A right riser
Will prize her,

She makes all the world wiser ;

Still try her,
We'll gain by her

A Coffin or a Crown.

If the *Dutchman* or the *Spaniard*

Come but to oppose us,

We will thrust them up at the main-yard,

If they do but nose us :

Hans, Hans, think upon thy sins,

And then submit to *Spain* thy Master ;

For though now you look like friends,

Yet he will never trust you after ;

Drink, drink, give the *Dutchman* drink,

And let the tap and kan run faster ;

For faith, at the last I think

A Brewer will become your Master.

Let not poor Teg and Shone

Vender from der houses,

Lest dey be quite undone

In der very Trouzes :

And all der Orphans bestow'd under hatches,

And made in *London* free der to cry matches ;

St. *Patrick* wid his Harp do tun'd wid tru string

Is not fit to unty St. *Hewson's* shoos-strings.

Methinks

144 *The Second Part of*

Methinks I hear
 The welch draw near,
 And from each lock a louse trots;
Ap Shon, ap LLOYD,
 Will spend her plood,
 For to defend her mouse-traps:
 Mounted on her *Kisslebagh*
 With cott store of *Koradagh*,
 The Pritish war begins.
 With a hook her was overcome her,
 Pluck her to her, thrust her from her,
 By cot her was break her shins.
 Let Taffie fret,
 And welch-hook whet,
 And troop up pettigrees,
 We only tout
 Tey will stink us out,
 Wit Leeks and roasted Sheeze.

But *Fockie* now and *Jinny* comes,
 Our Brethren must approve on't;
 For pret a Cot dey bert der drums
 Only to break de Couvenant.
 Dey bore Saint *Andrew's* Cross,
 Til our army quite did rout dem,
 But when we put dem to de loss
 De deal a Cross about dem:
 The King and Couvenant they crave,
 Their cause must needs be further'd;
 Although so many Kings they have
 Most barbarously, basely murther'd.

The French. The Frenchman he will give consent,
 Though he trickle in our veins;

That

Merry Drollerie. 145

That willingly
We may agree,
To a marriage with grapes and grains :
He conquers us with kindness,
And doth so far entrench,
That fair, and wise, and young, and rich,
Are finifhed by the *French* :
He prettifies us with Feathers and Fans,
With Petticoats, Doublets, and Hose ;
And faith they shall
Be welcome all
If they forbear the nose.
For love or for fear,
Let Nations forbear ;
If Fortune exhibit a Crown.
A Coward he
Must surely be,
That will not put it on.

A Catch.

Shew a Room, shew a Room, shew a Room,
Here's a knot of Good Fellows are come
That mean for to be merry
With Claret and with Sherry ;
Each man to mirth himself disposes,
And for the Reckoning tell *Noses* ;
Give the *Red-Nose* some *White*,
And the *Pale-Nose* some *Claret*,
But the *Nose* that looks *Blew*,
Give him a Cup of *Sack*, 'twill mend his hew.

L

The

146 *The Second Part of*

The Contented.

VVhy should a man care, or be in despair,
Should Fortune prove never so unkind?
Or why should I be sad for that I never had,
Or foolishly trouble my mind?
For I do much hate to pine at my Fate,
There's none but a fool will do so:
I'll laugh and be fat, for care kills a Cat,
And I care not how ere the world go.

Though I am poor, and others have store,
Why should I repine at their blifs?
For I am content with what God hath sent,
And I think I do not amiss:
Let others have wealth, for I have health,
And money to pay what I owe,
I'll laugh, and be merry, and sing hey down, down
For I care not, &c. (derry,

Some men do suppose, even by their gay Cloaths,
For to be in great request;
Though mine be but bare, I am not o'th' show,
And I think my self honestly drest;
Though every man cannot say so,
I like that I wear, though it cost not so dear,
For I care not, &c.

Your Epicures eat of the best sort of meat,
And wine of the best he doth drink,
And laies him to rest, and thinks himself blest,
On heaven he never doth think;

Though

Merry Drollerie. 147

Though my fare be but course, I am not the worse,
My health is the better I know ;
Though plain be my food, my stomach is good,
And I care not, &c.

Your flattering Curs, that fawn upon Furs,
And hang at Noblemens ears,
If once they do fall, away they run all,
And this is their flattering fears :
Dissembling I scorn, for I am free-born,
My happiness lies not below ;
Though my words want Art, I speak from my heart,
I care not, &c.

Some men do strive, and mightily thrive,
And some for Offices wait,
Much money they spend, and to little end,
And repent then when it's too late ;
Low shrubs are secure, when Cedars endure
Great storms and tempests below, :
Let others look high, for so will not I,
And I care not how the world go.

How to live happy.

HE that a happy life would lead
In these times of distraction,
Let him listen to me, and I will read
A Lecture without faction ;
Let him want three things, whence misery springs,
They all begin with a letter,
Let him bound his desires to what nature require
And with reason his humour fetter.

148 *The Second Part of*

Let not his wealth prodigious grow,
 For that breeds cares and dangers:
 Makes him envied above, and hated below,
 A constant slave to strangers ;
 They are happiest of all whose estates are but small,
 Though but enough to maintain them,
 They may do, they may say, having nothing to pay,
 It will not quit cost to arraign them.

Nor would I have him clogg'd with a wife,
 For household cares incumber,
 Nor to one place to confine his life,
 'Cause he can't remove his Lumber ;
 They are happiest far who unmarried are,
 And forrage, and all in common,
 From all storms they can fly, or if they should die,
 They ruine no child nor woman.

Let not his brains o'rflow with wit,
 That capers o'r discretion,
 It's costly to keep, and hard to get,
 And dangerous in the possession ;
 They are happiest men who can scarce tell ten,
 And beat not their brains about reason,
 They may speak what will serve themselves to pre-
 And their words are not taken for treason. (serve,

But of all fools, there is none to the wit,
 For he takes pains to shew it,
 His pride and his drink bring him into a fit,
 Then streight he turns a Poet :
 His jests he flings at States, or at Kings,
 Or at Plays, or at Bays, or at shadows,
 Thinks a Verse serves as well as a circle or Cell,
 Till he rimes himself to the Barbados. He

Merry Drollerie. 149

He that within these Lines can live,
May baffle all disasters,
To Fortune and Fate commands he can give,
Who Worldlings call their Masters;
He may sing, he may quaff, he may drink, he may laugh
May be mad, may be sad, may be jolly,
He may sleep without care, and speak without fear,
And laugh at the world and its folly.

The Louse.

IF that you will hear of a Ditty
That's fram'd by a six-footed Creature,
She lives both in Town and in City,
She is very loving by nature;
She'll offer her service to any,
She'll stick close but she'll prevail,
She's entertained by too many
Till death, she no man will fail.

Fewner once in a Play did describe her,
How she had her beginning first,
How she sprung from the loyns of great *Pharaoh*,
And how by a King she was nurs'd:
How she fell on the Carkas of *Herod*,
A companion for any brave fighter,
And there's no fault to be found with her,
But that she's a devillish backbiter.

With Souldiers she's often comraded,
And often does them much good,
She'll save them the charge of a Surgeon
In sickness for letting them blood;

150 *The Second Part of*

Corruption she draws like a horse-leech,
Growing she'll prove a great breeder,
At night she will creep in her cottage,
By day she's a damnable feeder.

She'll venture as much in a battel
As any Commander may go,
But then she'll play Jack on both sides,
She cares not a fart for her Foe:
She knows that alwaies she's shor-free,
To kill her no sword will prevaile,
But if she's taken prisoner,
She's prest to death by the naile.

She doth not esteem of your rich men,
But alwaies sticks close to the poor;
Nor she cares not for your clean shifters,
Nor for such as brave cloaths wear;
She loves all such as are non-suited,
Or any brave fellow that lacks;
She's as true a friend to poor Souldiers,
As the shirt that sticks close to their backs.

She cannot abide your clean Laundress,
Nor those that do set her on work,
Her delight is all in foul linnen,
Where in narraw seams she may lurk:
From her and her breed God defend me,
For I have had their company store,
Pray take her among you Gentry,
Let her trouble poor souldiers no more.

The Concealment.

I Loved a maid, she loved not me,
But that was a maids infirmity ;
She wore her Garter above her knee,
But that was a secret bravery ;
I plaid with her paps, she gave me some raps :
But what did you else beside ?
Nay, that were a folly, the Fox is unholy,
And yet he hath grace to hide.

Her feet were little, her fingers small,
Her hips did wear no Farthingal ;
Her body streight, her belly round,
The whale-bone use there was not found ;
I hall'd her, I pull'd her, I kifs'd her, I cull'd her :
But what did you, &c.

I wrung her hands, she wrung mine again,
God blefs such wringing as breeds no pain ;
I look'd on her face, and I gave her dance,
She dimmed my fight with a coloured glance ;
I hung on her neck, she gave me a check :
But what did you, &c.

When each man had danced with his maid,
Then down behind a tree we staid :
My knees against her knees I thrust,
She cry'd, sweet heart, let be, and blusht ;
But yet at the last I grasped her fast :
But what did you, &c.

152 *The Second Part of*

Behind my ear I wear her lock,
 And she my favour next her smock;
 She loves me more, if more you mark,
 Since last we tumbled in the dark;
 She was so kind-hearted, she wept when we parted,
 But what did you, &c.

But by this kissing and this feeling
 These gentle foes were soon brought to yielding;
 It cost me more in sope and candle
 Than all the Gold that e'r I did handle,
 Though I deny'd it, she could well hide it:
 But what did you else beside?
 Nay, that were a folly, the Fox is unholy,
 And yet he hath craft to hide.

A Catch.

VV Hat Fortune had I, poor Maid as I am,
 To be bound in eternal vow,
 For ever to lye by the side of a man,
 That would, but knows not how?
 Oh can there no pity
 Be in such a City,
 Where Lads enough are to be had.

Unfortunate Girl, that art wed to such woe,
 Go seek thee a lively Lad,
 And let the poor that hath nothing to shew
 Go seek for another as bad;
 Then call for no pity
 Thou dwelt in a City,
 Where Lads enough were to be had,

The

'Advice to Batchelors.'

HE that intends to take a Wife,
I'll tell him what a kind of life
He must be sure to lead;
If she's a young and tender heart,
Not documented in Loves Arr,
Much teaching she will need.

For where there is no path, one may
Be tir'd before he find the way,
Nay, when he's at his treasure,
The gap perhaps will prove so straight,
That he for entrance long may wait,
And make a toyl of's pleasure.

Or if one old, and past her doing,
He will the Chamber-maid be woing,
To buy her ware the cheaper,
But if he chuse one most formose,
Ripe for't, she'l prove libidinous,
Argus himself sha'nt keep her.

For when those things are neatly drest,
They'l entertain each wanton guest,
Nor for their honour care,
If any give their pride a fall,
Th'have learn'd a trick to bear withal,
So you their charges bear.

Or

154 The Second Part of

Or if you chance to play your game
 With a dull, fat, gross, heavy Dame,
 Your riches to encrease,
 Alas ! she will but fear you for't,
 Bid you to find out better sport,
 Lie with a pot of grease.

If meager —— be thy delight,
 She'l conquer in venereal fight,
 And waste thee to the bones.
 Such kind of girles, like to your Mill,
 The more you give, the more crave they will,
 Or else they'l grind the stones.

If black, 'tis ods she's dev'lish proud,
 If short, *Zantippe* like, too loud,
 If long, she'l lazy be,
 Foolish (the Proverb saith) if fair,
 If wise and comely, danger's there,
 Left she do Cuckold thee.

If she bring store of money, such
 Are like to domineer too much,
 Prove Mistress, no good wife,
 And when they cannot keep you under,
 They'l fill the house with scolding thunder,
 What worse than such a life ?

But if her Dowry only be
 Beauty, farewell felicity,
 Thy fortunes cast away.
 Thou must be sure to satisfie her
 In belly, and in back-desire,
 To labour night and day.

And

Merry Drollerie. 155

And rather than her pride give o'r,
She'l turn perhaps an honoured whore,
And thou'lt *Astrew'd* be,
Whilst like *Astrew* thou maist weep,
To think thou forced art to keep,
Such as devour thee.

If being noble thou dost wed
A servile creature, basely bred,
Thy Family it defaces ;
If being mean, one nobly born,
She'l swear t'exalt a Courtlike horn,
Thy low descent it graces.

If one tongue be too much for any,
Then he who takes a wife with many,
Knows not what may beide him ;
She whom he did for learning honour,
To scold by book will take upon her,
Rhetorically chide him.

If both her Parents living are,
To please them you must take great care,
Or spoyle your future fortune,
But if departed th'are this life,
You must be parent to your wife,
And father all, be certain.

If bravely drest, fair fac'd and witty,
She'l oft be gadding to the City,
Nor may you say her nay.
She'l tell you (if you her deny)
Since women have Terms, she knows not why,
But they still keep them may.

If

156 *The Second Part of*

If you make choice of Country ware,
Of being Cuckold, there's less fear,
But stupid honesty
May teach her how to sleep all night.
And take a great deal more delight
To milk the Cows than thee.

Concoction makes their blood agree
Too near, where's consanguinity;
Then let no kin be chosen.
He loseth one part of his treasure,
Who thus confineth all his pleasure
To th' arms of a first Cozen.

He'll never have her at command,
Who takes a wife at second hand.
Then chuse no widdowed mother:
The first cut, of that bit you love,
If others had, why mayn't you prove
But taster to another?

Besides, if she bring children many,
'Tis like by thee she'l not have any,
But prove a barren Doe;
Or if by them, she ne'r had one,
By thee 'tis likely she'l have none,
Whilst thou for weak back go.

For there where other gard'ners have been sowing
Their seed, but ne'r could find it growing,
You must expect so too;
And where the *Terra incognita*
S'o'rplow'd, you must it fallow lay,
And still for weak back go.

Then

Merry Drollerie. 157

Then trust not to a maiden face,
Nor confidence in widdows place,
Those weaker vessels may
Spring-leak, or split against a rock,
And when your Fame's wrapt in a smock,

'Tis easily cast away.

Yet be she fair, foul, short, or tall,
You for a time may love them all,
Call them your soul, your life,
And one by one them undermine,
As Courtizan, or Concubine,
But never as married wife.

He who considers this, may end the strife,
Confess no trouble like unto a Wife.

A Catch.

IF any so wise is, that Sack he despises,
Let him drink small beer, and be sober,
Whilst we drink Sack and sing, as if it were spring,
He shall droop like the Trees in *October*.
But be sure if over night this dog do you bite,
You take it henceforth for a warning,
Soon as out of your bed, to settle your head,
Take a hair of his tail in the morning,
And be not so silly to follow old *Lilly*,
For there's nothing but Sack that can tune us,
Let his *Ne-assnes* be put in his cap case,
And sing *bi-bi-to vinum Jesum*.

158 *The Second Part of*

A Mock Song.

VVhen I a Lady do intend to flatter,
Oh, how I do begin to chatter.
I swear and vow

How much I'd do,
That I might once get at her ———

I say to kifs her only is a Feast,
A *Cupids* Beaver at the least,
Whilst silly she
Beleeveh me,
And thinks I love her best.

With those fair phanxies which most comely are,
I oft her Ladiship compare,
I say the Rose
And Lilly, when it blowes,
Are nothing near so fair.

Yet gazing on her face I've spent some hours,
Consulted with each cheek, and all its powers,
But there none grow,
Unless below,
In pleasures garden-spring her flowers.

Oft have I call'd her Jewel, oft have I
Call'd true, the false pearls of her eye,
Yet precious stone
She will have none,
Untill with me she lie.

With

Merry Drollerie. 159

With what pure whiteness is her bosome blest,
Oft cry I, yet I do but jest ;

For sure I'm still,

She never will,
Untill I f—her have a milk white breast.

Then tell her by the rowling of her eyes,
I guess her secret rarities,

Swear he who enjoys

Those pleasant toyes,
Ought much to esteem the prize.

Thus Ladies have I learn'd in *Cupids* schools,
My Master *Ovid's* Grammer Rules :

Thus can I prove

I am in love,
And thus I make ye fools.

FINIS.
